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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Party controversy is suspended, but party endures. That is the sum of the debates this week in the two Houses. Mr. Asquith describes party as the "salt and essence" of English public life. He does not believe that party has broken down. The Government declares itself able to bear the full responsibility of conducting the war, and it leaves to the Opposition, as indeed it must, the right of free and full criticism. It is true that the substance and spirit of debates in Parliament are deeply affected by the war. The Government has pledged itself to abstain from party legislation; and the Opposition undertakes to continue its scrupulous observance of the party truce. But this does not imply that the Government has as yet put off a particle of its responsibility as a Cabinet. Nor does it imply that the Opposition has surrendered a particle of its responsibility as a party pledged to inquire continually into the Government's conduct of the war and to expose incompetence.

The debates of Tuesday and Wednesday were needed to clear the position. There has been talk on one side which seemed to imply that the war was being run by a kind of informal coalition. Mr. Bonar Law has even had to write to the "Times" declaring that he is not in the confidence of the Government; that the Opposition has in no sense surrendered its right of criticism. At the other extreme there has been talk among certain politicians, who do not yet understand that we are fighting one of the greatest wars in history, of using the present session to push their party interests. Even the Plural Voting Bill was mentioned. Mr. Asquith's rebuke to some of his followers on Wednesday has, we may hope, once for all put all such talk to shame. To hear these critics, Mr. Asquith exclaimed on Wednesday, one would not realise that a great war was being waged, and that six millions at least of men in arms were fighting one another to the death. Party controversy, he told the House, would not only be idle at this time; it would be offensive to the country.

The duty of the Opposition, so long as the Govern-

ment accepts full responsibility for the war, is clear. It is the duty of criticism, of suggestion, of watching that the Government faithfully and wisely discharges its heavy task. Mr. Bonar Law put the position on Tuesday in the clearest terms: "The responsibility for the conduct of the war must attach to the Government alone, and it is they only who can decide when, if ever, the public interest requires that they should officially take the Opposition into their confidence. It must, however, be perfectly plain, and I am sure the House will not consider it unreasonable if I wish to make it clear, that we have no responsibility, but that we are absolutely free, and that in criticising or refraining from criticising the action of the Government we are influenced solely by what we consider the national interest".

Mr. Asquith was equally definite: "His Majesty's Government, and they alone, are responsible for the policy of the country and for the conduct of our military and naval operations. They do not desire in any way to abrogate or to share that responsibility with anyone else, or to shrink at any time from what they know to be fair, legitimate, and patriotic criticism from any quarter of the House of the steps which from time to time they may have to take or have taken". The Government chooses to retain complete responsibility; and, so long as it does so, it is bound to recognise the right and obligation of the Opposition to disagree in detail with much that it undertakes to do. It is very necessary that the Government Party and Press should correctly realise the position of the Unionist Party. It is absurd to assume that all criticism must cease because there is war. Mr. Asquith himself does not assume it. He admits, not only that criticism is useful and right, but that the criticism of the Opposition since August last has been wholly patriotic and unselfish.

In taking up virtually the whole time of Parliament for national business Mr. Asquith has done what every patriotic member desires. There are still members in the House of Commons whose minds seem to be more bent on their election prospects than on the war. Mr. Asquith rightly tells them that "the nation's

thoughts and the nation's heart are miles and miles away from the whole field of such discussion". No one can say when Parliament will again be free to talk again of votes, elections, and divisions. We are now "immersed in a situation to which everything else must be subordinated". This, in short, is a war session.

The Germans still take the offensive on both fronts. The French and British have been engaged in the region of La Bassée—so closely engaged that the bayonet—even the naked fist—has been used with effect. Paradoxically, the long-distance weapons which have driven the armies underground have only brought them into a closer contact. All along the western front the position is a clinch. Muscle and weight still tell in modern fighting. "A football scrummage, only we were out to kill", is the description given by a soldier from the Front of a bayonet charge in which he was engaged.

The fiercest fighting is reported from the east, where General von Hindenburg has made another great effort to break the Russian line. Warsaw has again been threatened. We hear of a "very determined battle" ending in the Russians maintaining their ground, and in regaining ground which was lost. The Russian advance by way of the Carpathians seems to be rapidly developing. Every day brings rumours of fighting in the passes; and German forces are coming up in strength to meet the advance. Meantime, it is reported that the first attacks of the Turkish forces on the Suez Canal have been successfully and without difficulty beaten back.

It is disputable whether, according to the German War Book, the torpedoing of a hospital ship is not a commendable stroke of war. The torpedoing of refugees and the murder of prisoners can be justified quite easily out of the War Book. They come under the head of smashing, terrifying, and damaging the enemy in every possible way. According to the German War Book a soldier is not only fighting a belligerent; he is also killing and destroying everything the belligerent prizes. The women and children of an enemy country and prisoners of war are lawful targets according to the War Book. It is true that not all German commanders are able to live up to the War Book. But the War Book liberally covers all that was done at Aerschot and Louvain. We are not sure it does not cover the torpedoing of the hospital ship "Asturias".

For might not the hospital ship "Asturias" be nursing back into health and fighting strength wounded French or British soldiers? And is it not obviously more politic to torpedo them in a hospital ship than to wait until they will have to be met in the open with rifle and bayonet? We note that the Germans do not pretend, as they pretended at Rheims, that the hospital ship was being used for purposes of observation. Nor do they claim, as at Louvain, that the hospital ship first fired on the submarine. It was clearly a case of military policy out of the War Book of the simplest kind—unless it was a mistake. We would rather believe it was a mistake. Even after reading the German War Book, with its savage and senseless code, we are reluctant to believe that any man who follows the sea would deliberately set out to sink a ship crowded with wounded. Possibly the German defence is true, and the submarine clumsily mistook her target. We gladly admit that German sailors do not always follow the War Book to the letter. It is true that a boat full of refugees was sunk in the Channel. But against this we have to set the story of the British merchant vessels sunk off the Mersey last Saturday. The German commander of "U 21" gave warning of his intention, and the crews were allowed to escape.

But the Germans in their proclamation this week of a naval blockade of the British Islands announce that in future it may not be convenient to give to the crews and passengers of non-combatant ships warning or opportunity of escape. They also announce that "neutral ships will not be free of danger in the war region". Here is more evidence of the Will-to-Frightfulness. Happily this Will has only a limited scope upon the water. Neutral countries will doubtless draw their conclusions as to what seafaring in war time would be like if the Germans had an absolute command of the sea. The German proclamation strengthens the hand of the British Government in dealing with contraband. So, also, does the German decree as to foodstuffs. Technically all foodstuffs bound for Germany are now contraband, since they all go directly into the control of the German authorities. Happily, however, Great Britain has no need to stand upon a purely technical right. The German Government continues to alienate the sympathy of onlookers. The American people will not read the German proclamation of blockade with approval, and they have this week had nearer instances of German disregard of international rights and courtesy. The dynamiter has been busy at their door, and the German Press has insulted and maligned their Foreign Minister.

There is an extraordinary feature of this war which has not as yet received the notice it deserves—that is the "boulder-ization" of the German people that has set in lately. The issuing of Herr Dernburg's "Fatherland", a paper published in English and addressed particularly to Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, serves to illustrate this. A man may lie, cheat, thief, and murder, and yet not be remarkable as a "boulder" or cad; indeed have not some of the most accomplished scoundrels in history been gentlemen in a narrow sense? They have sinned without departing altogether from the semblance of good form: the traditional highwayman of romance is an example in point. Indeed it is impossible to describe some of the worst sinners as boulders or cads. Who could so describe Iago or the several unmitigated villains in "Titus Andronicus"?

But the Germans to-day are working up to fill at the same time both rôles—not alone the complete cut-throat, but the complete cad. And they are working up to it, horrible to relate, officially as well as unofficially. The Dernburg appeals to Canadians and Australians are a striking illustration. The form is the form of the boulder absolute, of the cad in *excelsis*. Imagine our Government preparing appeals of the kind in German to German people. Imagine the Foreign Office devoting itself to such work. Torpedoing hospital ships or ships crowded with destitute refugees goes side by side with Herr Dernburg's "Fatherland" publications. There is a vulgar phrase to-day which not inaptly fits the Germans, their people, and also their governing classes, namely: "Playing the dirty" on their enemies.

It is rather surprising to learn from Sir Edward Grey's statement in the Commons that the British Government did not know of the despatches in which the French Ambassador at Berlin warned his Government of the preparations for war and the increase of warlike feeling in Germany in 1913. Was our Government, then, ignorant as to the true position? We do not yet know the date of the German demand for unconditional British neutrality, the course of the negotiations which Lord Haldane initiated in his visit of February 1912, or the views of the British Ambassador on the rising temper of Germany, which was so evident to his French colleague. Was our Government warned, and did it take no steps? Or was the British Embassy at Berlin less observant than the French—where, to be sure, M. Cambon and his staff proved themselves very able and true prophets whose every word has been

justified by the event. We still require more information as to these obscure matters.

The "Dacia" has sailed at last, her cargo but not her hull insured against seizure. It is well understood in the United States that Mr. Breitung's vessel is sailing into the British Prize Court, which will have to decide if the transfer from German to American ownership is genuine. The Press of the United States has already condemned the vessel, to the natural annoyance of German-Americans; but it is clear that the transaction was a dubious one. The "Wilhelmina", also on her way across the Atlantic with food for Germany, will have her cargo seized and paid for.

Meantime the Ship Purchase Bill seems likely to be ruined. The Bill will hardly get through the Senate as an operative measure. The opposition of the Republicans, fortified by the plain speaking of Senator Lodge, was unexpectedly reinforced by the revolt of certain Democrats, who recognised that trouble lay ahead if the Bill sanctioned the purchase of the German ships now lying up in Atlantic harbours. Apparently the Bill is to be emasculated by an amendment fixing the date when the United States Government engages in the shipping business at about two years hence—that is to say that, like the British Government's controversial home legislation, it will not come into force until there is a reasonable hope that the war will have ended. The decision will be accepted with relief both in the United States and in England. We note that the language of the German-Americans on this subject has again been rebuked by the New York Press.

Mr. McKenna was asked some searching questions as to enemy aliens on Thursday. But he did not deal with the two points on which the public is anxious for assurance—(a) why so many enemy aliens, eleven per cent. of those interned, have been released, and why more are released from time to time, so that, as Lord Crawford remarked, if the process is continued at the present rate, by July there will be no enemy aliens interned at all; and (b) why enemy aliens are still permitted to live in prohibited areas. The public understands a prohibited area to be a place where enemy aliens are prohibited; apparently the Home Office—which, as Lord Lucas admitted under cross-examination, shares the responsibility with the War Office—does not. Meantime we note that an amendment has been made in the Defence of the Realm Act. Trial by jury is again restored; though Lord Haldane very strongly advised that a foe who is deterred by no scruples whatever should still be subject to court-martial.

The new scale of pensions for service men and their dependents announced this week by the Committee of which Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain have been the leading members is less inadequate than that which formerly obtained. It will be accepted by the country and by the recipients as better treatment than England has ever before shown men broke in her wars. It will place a very considerable capital obligation on the Treasury for many years to come. The country will by no means grudge that, but will expect economies to be made in other ways—notably in the Civil Service Estimates, which have grown from £29,924,000 in 1907-8 to £55,566,873 last year. These estimates for the present year show an increase of a million and a-half. If something were lopped from the salaries of the new bureaucracy it would make easier the payment of adequate pensions. The soldier is more useful than the inspector.

The action of the Home Office as to the Special Constabulary, taken in connection with its phraseology, is surely one quite without parallel. Who is responsible for it and who decided on the exquisite phrasing of the order? The individual in question should, as Charles

Lamb once exclaimed of a Government official, "have his bumps felt". The order runs that "really necessitous" Special Constables may have a grant of money—not over £3—so that they may secure overcoats, leggings, etc.; but "The force includes men of very different classes. Some possess considerable means and have no need of assistance. To others the £3, or rather the equipment provided, will be very welcome". This is glorious. But why not apply it to other services of various kinds? How charmed, for example, would the supporters, on the Ministerialist side of the House of Commons, of payment of members be if the same rule and language were applied to them. How agreeable to be styled either "necessitous persons" or persons who "possess considerable means".

Nor need the parallel stop at Special Constables and at Members of Parliament—some of whom, by the way, are Special Constables. Might it not be said that some of the sailors joining our Navy, soldiers joining our Army, and some of the clerks joining our Civil Service, are "necessitous persons"; whilst others who join "possess considerable means"? In the Home Office itself persons might be found who, without their pay, would be necessitous, whilst the same department probably includes persons possessing considerable means. Really Mr. McKenna ought to furnish the name of the authority who decided to make this felicitous order.

The new Government appointments announced this week are little more than a reshuffle of the pack, Mr. Masterman being quietly dropped out. Mr. Montagu's rise has been rapid, but he has ability; Mr. Acland's promotion to be Financial Secretary to the Treasury is a surprise, but he can do no worse at the Treasury than at the Foreign Office. The promotions in the Government Whip's office are of no consequence except to the appointees and the disappointees.

The career of General Luke O'Connor, V.C., who died a week ago, was one of the most romantic, from a military point of view, that can be imagined. He rose from the ranks, and retired in 1887 with the reputation of being in action about the most entirely fearless of all men. Kinglake mentions his conduct at the Alma, where he took the colours of the 23rd—the glorious regiment which he came to command ultimately—and, though wounded severely, planted them on the ramparts. That was only one incident in his wonderful life as a soldier: many other adventures of his, both in the Crimea and in the Mutiny, might be mentioned, each as heroic and romantic. Many years ago now, Luke O'Connor came to be known to King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, and he was a favourite at Sandringham. The writer of this note remembers sitting with O'Connor one night in the pit of the Court Theatre. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in one of the boxes, and presently they discovered the tough old soldier, and made their discovery known, to the amusement of various people in the stalls and in the pit.

O'Connor's right rôle was that of the soldier. He was meant to be a warrior pure and simple. But at times he rather aspired to be a politician. He was a strong Home Ruler, but one never could detect in him any of the professional bias and bitter partisanship which mark the professional politician so often. He was a Liberal, but in a somewhat large and vague spirit, strange to Whips and caucuses. O'Connor's native place was Elphin, County Roscommon, a wild country of wild sport—which was the only form of sport he cared for. He was pure Irish. O'Connor's career was not fortunate after he left the Service in 1887. He had, indeed, outlived it. How in his element he would have been as a young man in this war! His beloved Welsh regiment sent him a message last Christmas—a happy thought. The 23rd should never forget Luke O'Connor.

LEADING ARTICLES.

PARLIAMENT AND PARTY.

THE duty of Parliament—of every group and party and member in the two Houses—is summed in a phrase which begins to be rather well known in a land given up to the training of armies. Every young officer commanding a company or platoon is sooner or later ordered by his superior to "carry on", and, according to his competence, he is elated or cast down. He has become a necessary cog in the machinery, and must now do his share of the work or the whole battalion will be brought to confusion. No two words could better express the tacit command which has been issued to Parliament by the nation in the new Session. Every party in Parliament has been ordered to "carry on". The country desires and cares only that Great Britain's share in the war shall be done with all her might and skill. There is no public interest to-day in the retirement of one Minister or the inclusion of another in the Government. The public is not, for example, greatly concerned to hear that Mr. Masterman is resigning the Duchy of Lancaster, or that Mr. Gulland succeeds to the office of Chief Whip. These are family matters. The British public cares only that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues shall "carry on", each in his sphere, and shall support and strengthen the men who "carry on" in the Army and Navy, at the War Office and the Admiralty, at the Treasury, and at Scotland Yard—wherever there is necessary work to be done.

The first duty of Parliament is the first duty of everyone who holds office in any public capacity, and it is a duty which will give each party in the House of Commons its clue in the present Session. The country will not endure any sort of party discussions, party manoeuvres, party jealousies or disputes. It asks of the Government that it shall carry on the war and of the critics of the Government that they shall carry on the business of seeing that the Government faithfully discharges its responsibilities. The country would not forgive the Government for neglect or timidity, nor would it forgive the Opposition for failing in its duties of intelligent criticism and watchfulness. Government and Opposition are cast for different parts, but both are working to the same end. This may seem obvious when stated simply as a doctrine, but in practice the position has been widely misunderstood. On one side we have had party political squabbles and manoeuvres, showing that not all our politicians have done with the party game. On the other side we hear that, party politics being in abeyance, there can now be no such thing as criticism of the Government; that it is the duty of every Unionist to assume, for example, that what Mr. McKenna does is always right, and that the appointment of Mr. Gulland to the office of Chief Whip is a sort of defeat for General von Hindenburg. This last extreme—the extreme of always agreeing with the Government and of regarding all that the Government does as necessarily calculated to end the war victoriously in the least possible time, would compel us to assume that the party system is automatically suspended whenever anything happens which is exceptionally grave and important for the country as a whole. Either this is a mistaken view, or the party system is a mistaken system—the last alternative being one which no reader of English history or the English Constitution would admit.

Mr. Asquith on Tuesday declared that party was the "salt and essence" of British public life. He accepts full responsibility for the conduct of the war; and he admits that, so long as the Government, and the Government alone, determines the policy and management of the war, so long will the Opposition retain its freedom to criticise the Government. The party system at present holds the field. This was made clear on both sides of the House on Tuesday. Mr. Bonar Law has helped Mr. Asquith on the recruiting committee. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has walked into and out of the Treasury. The Opposition leaders

have occasionally, as an act of courtesy, been allowed to see despatches. But there has not as yet been any real co-operation of Government and Opposition. The Opposition is in no sense responsible for the conduct of the war. It has little information which the public generally is not allowed to have. So long as this position continues unchanged there is a Government and there is an Opposition. The party truce has modified their attitude one to another; but it has not destroyed their functions.

It is still, therefore, the duty of the Opposition to oppose, though this duty is necessarily modified by the fact that Government and Opposition are absolutely agreed as to the end of all policy and effort at this time. Their agreement as to the end is absolute. This is to be a war session. There is to be no party legislation. Mr. Asquith has taken all the time of the House for the nation's business; and he has rebuked those members of his own party who do not seem to understand that we are now embarked on an enterprise which dwarfs all private and party interest. There are a few men in the Radical Party who can still think of votes and elections. These men have justly incurred the publicly expressed contempt of their leader. So far as the country is concerned, party politics are dead; though the party system survives. The question is how far the adaptation of the party system to the present necessity for united effort should go. In some ways we are inclined to think it has not yet gone far enough. We clearly cannot, in prosecuting this war, afford to waste the skill, energy, or wisdom of a single man. Certainly we cannot afford to lose the services of any public man of proven ability and courage. Surely it is not a little absurd that men like Lord Selborne, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Walter Long—to take only a few names—should have no recognised official part in helping the country at this time. Is there any serious obstacle in the way of enabling men like these to take a share in the present great burden of affairs? We can see clearly enough that there are deeply ingrained political habits against such a collaboration, but do these objections really weigh against the first necessity of our Parliamentary machine to "carry on" at a maximum of power? At any rate, it would be well for the Cabinet to inquire whether it is necessary, or merely an accident to be remedied, that the Government should continue to deprive themselves of the advice and experience, say, of Lord Milner, or of Mr. Chamberlain.

Moreover, this war is a struggle, not only of Great Britain, but of the whole Empire. If it is not necessary that the Government should deny itself the advantage of calling upon any British statesman for advice irrespective of his political colour, would it not have been well for Imperial Ministers also to meet? Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand—all are bearing a heavy share of the fighting. Does it follow that, because there is war, the Imperial Conference should not be held? All these questions should be asked and answered—if only to assure the public that the war has really cleared out of the way all question of what is merely formal and precise, and raised instead the question of what is expedient and likely to serve the country well.

There is nothing in these suggestions to threaten or disparage the British political system. That the services of every competent man in the Empire should be at the call of the Imperial Government was declared when Mr. Bonar Law wrote his letter to the Cabinet in August last, offering it the full support of the Opposition in the event of war. It was again declared when Mr. Austen Chamberlain went to the Treasury to advise Mr. Lloyd George in the working out of his Budget. It was again declared when Mr. Bonar Law went into partnership with Mr. Asquith on the recruiting question—sitting in the same committee and signing the same appeal. Virtually it was declared in the appointments of Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher—appointments made without a glance

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at politics. Any further advance in the direction of bringing into the service of the Government every man with the will and ability to serve is merely a reaffirming of principles already accepted. Might not the British Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, for example, be stronger for some advice from representatives of the Australian, Canadian, and South African Governments—Governments which have actually made experiments in national service with splendid results? And suppose General Botha's representatives were in England, would they not think it strange if they were not invited to confer with men like Lord Selborne and Lord Milner—men of whose ability South Africa knows possibly more than the British public at home? Expediency—the need for any Government which is to see this war successfully through to be strong and complete—alone will determine all these questions. When service is binding upon every man, official tape must have no power to bind at all. The principle already established by the co-operation of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith and by the brief conference between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George will go further yet before the war is finished. The British Empire can scarcely hope to fight Germany with one hand tied. The metaphor may seem excessive, but surely our position may almost continue to be described in those words so long as one half of the brain of the Empire is out of active employment.

"EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN—"

WE advise people to pay no heed to the seductive trash about Germany being financially exhausted by Midsummer Day and suing for peace. If they want common sense and the obvious truth about the present position, they should turn to the February issue of the "Nineteenth Century", pages 268 and 276, and take to heart what Colonel Keene has to say in his article, "The Source of Germany's Might". The historian of this war, says Colonel Keene, when he comes to write of the state of things now, "will have to record the fact that, after five months of fighting, Germany, with very little help from Austria, was holding up the vast armies of Russia with one hand and those of France and Great Britain with the other; that the German Eagle held the whole of Belgium in one cruel talon, while the other was plunged deep in the heart of Russian Poland, and that the sacred soil of the Fatherland remained practically untouched". To write this, and to recognise the simple truth of it, does not call for exceptional knowledge or inspiration; in our review lately of the first five months of the war* we pointed out this plain—and unpopular—truth in slightly different terms: namely, that Germany, on land, had so far got (1) "a win" in Belgium; (2) "a draw" in Poland against Russia; and (3) "a draw" in Northern France against France and Great Britain. What sense in the world, or what patriotism, can there conceivably be in refusing to face such a fact as this? It may be argued, or protested, that Germany studiously overlooks *our* successes at sea, and why therefore should we not overlook *her* successes on land! That is an argument that may be fit for "incorrigible optimists" or perhaps for extremely loyal party papers anxious to show that the Cabinet is compact of statesmen who, one and all, know how to win the war as well as they know how to win a bye-election. But it is not an argument of good to anybody else; and from a national point of view it is contemptible. Until the incorrigibly optimist Government Press gives up evening after evening killing the Kaiser with its mouth, and faces the true and very patent facts of the war to-day, its public will be continually buoying itself up with vain hopes and silly vaunts.

The Kaiser must be killed not with the mouth or the pen but with the rifle and the sword, and the only way this can be done is to work up and bring to bear against Germany the whole vast resources of the country. Colonel Keene does not, openly, recommend putting the

nation into arms by an Act of Parliament: we think we are right in saying that his position and work at the moment would not justify him in taking any "controversial" part of the kind—though we know very well, we fancy, his private views in the matter. But though he does not ask for obligatory service, he shows in his article how Germany has managed to put together the magnificent Army with which she now holds at bay three great Empires, and at the same time props up Austria. Her feat has been achieved by only one means, and to crush her it is necessary for all three of the chief Allies to adopt the same process themselves. France and Russia have of course done so. Great Britain alone hesitates.

"According to the Estimate passed by the House of Commons on the 16th of November last", writes Colonel Keene, "*the services of every able-bodied man of suitable age will be required before the war is over*". These words have been described by a critic as "alarming": if only they will alarm the slow understandings of the professional optimists and voluntary-ists into recognising the truth about Germany's power of resistance they will work untold good. Colonel Keene is, in his position, surely very unlikely to write anything to-day which will prove unacceptable to the best expert opinion. Therefore let the light-hearted and irresponsible optimists lay to heart his grave warning—"Every able-bodied man of suitable age". Nothing more impressive and responsible has been written on the subject since the discussion began.

In the same issue it happens that another writer—who no means unknown to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW—Colonel Cregan, follows Colonel Keene, and declares openly for obligatory service. Colonel Cregan is a very clear and logical writer, who—unlike many experts in fact and figure—has a literary form and distinction which make him good to read. He disposes with good-humoured ease of the terribly slipshod figures of the Voluntary-ists who apparently do not even take the trouble to glance at the 1911 census before producing their figures, and therefore go hopelessly astray as to the number of men of suitable age by a matter of millions! But, oddly enough, though Colonel Keene does not demand obligatory service, whereas Colonel Cregan does demand it, the former in effect goes further and persuades us that the only way is the thorough way—that, to succeed speedily, we must have a fair and general law and call up the men of suitable age. Colonel Cregan pleads for a middle course, which in peace time we should far prefer. He riddles the foolish, vapid talk of "free" men *v.* "conscript"; declares firmly that we fell into this war unprepared; and misjudged Germany's power as well as her intentions. But, as things stand now, he says he thinks the SATURDAY REVIEW plan is too drastic; and suggests—instead—that universal military training should at once be made obligatory, but that service *abroad* should be left as a voluntary service. Moreover, he would have the Government call up at first only a proportion of the suitable men, say a million; and trust to a sufficient number of these offering for foreign service—which he is confident they would do. The remaining millions of men of suitable age would go on with the ordinary trade and business of the country until or unless they were needed.

Colonel Cregan considers this plan less drastic than the SATURDAY REVIEW's, which, he fears, the country would still shy at. But surely he has overlooked the fact that by the SATURDAY REVIEW plan,* even more gradually than by his own, the men would only be called up and chosen by ballot as the authorities could train, arm and clothe them; and those not chosen by ballot would go on with their ordinary work.

Moreover, would the men brought in by Colonel Cregan's plan volunteer for service abroad much more freely and continuously than they volunteer now? It would be irritating, and perhaps even fatal, if his plan were adopted and then found useless, so that a fresh plan had to be proposed in its place. Undoubtedly Colonel Cregan's plan would appeal more to the pre-

* "The Sober Truth About the War." SATURDAY REVIEW. 2 January, 1915.

* SATURDAY REVIEW. 28 November, 1914.

sent Government than the more thorough plan we have ourselves advanced. The Government would welcome a middle way. Probably they will choose to stay in some such half-way house when the moment comes for a general obligation to be declared. But Colonel Cregan does not persuade us to abandon our first thoughts on national service. There can be no real distinction between home and foreign service when the obligation of every able-bodied man is proclaimed. Home defence at this crisis of the nation's fate really means foreign service; and it is that we should secure infallibly and at once if we are to carry out the immense design of the Prime Minister. Why cannot our statesmen pluck up heart; cease quibbling and fiddling and paltering with the matter; and take a straight, clean course to certain victory?

THE TURNING OF RUSSIA.

WE have this week had notice of a British Society organised to spread abroad a knowledge of Russia and an interest in her people. The awakening of an intelligent interest in Russia is everywhere marked in the British Press. This interest should be welcomed and encouraged by everyone who has at heart the prosecution of the war to a reasonable and happy conclusion. We have many times insisted that the general ignorance in this country concerning Russia, due to the lack of any real and continuous communication between the two peoples, is deeply to be regretted. The British people has for years been content to form its idea of Russia from speakers and writers who have had no understanding of the Russian character. It must be frankly admitted that for the British nation as a whole the co-operation of Russia was welcomed at the outbreak of war mainly as guaranteeing to the European Alliance a powerful army with inexhaustible reserves of men and an immense granary of supplies. The spiritual and mental resources of Russia were not appreciated by the mass of English people. Only a few specialists had a free access to Russian literature. Only a few cosmopolitan travellers had come into living contact with Russian life. Russia was a country of closed gates, behind which popular orators, careless of truth and malignant by profession, gave their audiences to understand that all kinds of "medieval" and "barbarous" things were enacted.

So long as it was no one's business to tell the British public the truth about Russia the falsehood of the Radical coccyx was tolerated by the friends of Russia as an inevitable nuisance and accepted by Liberal audiences as illustrating the comparative blessedness of their lot as free-born Englishmen. The war, however, has made it impossible to allow the old falsehoods to pass unchallenged. We are glad to see that the British Press is taking up the work of appreciation and enlightenment as to Russia, and that the British public is eager to read and to hear. Out of justice it is necessary that we should see Russia as fundamentally she has always been. Moreover, apart from justice, it is necessary to understand clearly the policy and services of Russia. The spiteful misreading of Russia which at an early stage of the war prompted certain British speakers and writers to throw suspicion on the Tsar's good faith towards Poland, or considered it, at most, as the sort of political dodge they understand so well, may do further mischief before the war is finished. At any rate, the public should be warned. Let them be told what sort of an ally we have in Russia, for they are eager to be told. Enough news has come through from Poland and from East Prussia to give the British reader a keen suspicion that hitherto Russia has been misjudged. He has the evidence before him that the Russian soldier is brave, merciful, enthusiastic, devoted to Russia and the Tsar, lit with a great idea. Now is surely the time for a closer acquaintance between the Russian and the English people; and there are signs that the time

is being taken. The reviews, the newspapers, the publishers' lists all declare that the interest of the British public is awake. It is plain to the most casual reader of signs that the present war is for Russia an immense national undertaking—a joint enterprise of the Russian people and their rulers which will start a new period in Russian history.

Russian history may hitherto be read as a series of tragic political accidents whereby the normal development of the people under their national rulers has been unnaturally hampered. It looks as if these accidents will now be forgotten and that their results will disappear. The normal political development of Russia is perceived by deep observers to be by way of local self-government towards a constitutional monarchy in which shall be centred the loyalty and national feeling of the whole people. This development was arrested by the Tartar invasions, which found Russia a country modelled after the pattern of Alfred's England, with a local life in all its provinces intense and free, and made of Russia a military camp. But the local life went on, and it has persisted through every change in Russian history. It seemed about to assert itself when Napoleon was thrown back by a national effort comparable with the effort Russia is making to-day. But here was the first political tragedy of Russia. The Tsars fell under the influence of the Triple Alliance; and Russia, instead of taking a national turn, became a country of the Slavs ruled according to the imported ideals of the Germans. Local life and freedom, instead of being encouraged and focussed upon the throne, was crushed under the bureaucrats. Each successive revolt of Russia against the bureaucrats has stained her record anew, partly because the bureaucracy was by origin a foreign caste, ruling by suppression; and partly because those who revolted were Russian thinkers bred in revolutionary doctrines as foreign as the system against which they strove. The real Russia has remained unaffected—arrested and still. The political accidents that thwarted each effort towards a really national political life have not broken the national spirit or impaired the faith of the people in the Royal idea. The moment has now come—for the first time since Alexander I. turned so disastrously towards Vienna and Berlin—for the meeting of the Tsar and his people: for the free working-out of a national political system. There will be nothing foreign or dogmatic about the coming reformation of Russia. It will come insensibly—an organic and national movement. Where bureaucrats and French Jacobins have disputed in foreign terms, and let blood at the expense of a bewildered people, there will henceforth be a meeting of royal authority and local life.

Russian politicians who all through the late story of revolutions, dumas and reforms have despaired of the resurrection of the old Russian system of popular monarchy are now full of hope. For at last the Tsar and his people have met. We will take one particular instance of this for an illustration. The organisation of the hospitals in Russia is almost entirely in the hands of the local Zemstvos. The bureaucracy has called to its help the parish and county councils all over Russia. When we consider that the political future of Russia, her education in free political life, is intimately bound up with the independence and opportunity for responsible work of these local bodies we begin to realise what the war in Russia really means. The Government has called to its assistance all those local authorities whose free development the old bureaucracy has always been interested in discouraging. It will be quite impossible to return to the old position. The people of Russia have been called into council. They have come face to face with their Tsar. Their armies in the field are national armies fighting as they have not fought since Napoleon was beaten back. Their magistrates and elders at home are working devotedly with the Government. Those who have studied in England how Parliament grew out of local moots and associations will recognise that the appeal of the Russian Government to the local bodies

in Russia is closely analogous to the process whereby Edward I. gradually organised the local representation of England into a Great Council at Westminster. Russia's political future lies in the encouraging of local self-government, and in its gradual centralisation. It does not lie in the complicated franchises of experimental assemblies in Petrograd—in artificially constructed dumas and the principles of the French Revolution. The great war promises constitutional and practicable reforms because it has everywhere stimulated local freedom and responsibility. The Government cannot repudiate the devotion and service of that large agrarian class in Russia—a class which corresponds with the Ealdormen of the tenth century in England. Political education has begun where it should and must begin—at the lower levels. The rulers of Russia have called up the spirit of the people, and it is hardly conceivable that they can, even if they wished to do so, lay that spirit again.

No friend of Russia denies that there are serious difficulties ahead. The Polish question will not be settled in a day, nor the Jewish question, nor the precise nature of the reforms which will assure to the Russian people civil liberty and political opportunities. But of the new spirit in Russia there is no doubt at all. Nor is there any doubt that Russia after the war will take the path of free national development which so many accidents of the past have checked and delayed. The old mistakes will not be repeated. Foreign influence departed from Russia when Petrograd lost its Prussian name. Every political party is heartily sick of wearily swinging between dogmatic revolution and dogmatic reaction. The coming reforms will be rooted in the soil of Russia. They are even now being prepared by an actual practical demonstration of how the old Zemstvos (the English moots) can be organised and employed for national purposes. Europe may confidently look to Russia for an immense contribution to the general wealth of the European mind and spirit in the coming years. Russian music, drama, and art already declare how fruitful is the soil, and how intensely individual will be every new thing that Russia will do. Wherever we look Russia appears as a country whose future is incalculably rich. More immediately it concerns us to be proud and thankful for the splendid qualities of soul and heart which our great ally brings to the common task.

TRADE AND THE BANKS.

DESPITE six months of war our banking system stands to-day firmer than ever. Side by side with a decided increase in the amount of deposits and credit accounts, the banks have steadily worked more of their assets into a liquid condition and are now prepared to meet, and even to encourage, any sane borrower who has a reasonable proposition to make. This position they owe, first, to their depositors, whose calm common sense and total absence of panic in the early days of the moratorium enabled all well-managed banks, after reasonable caution, practically to dispense with its provisions. Next must be recorded the help given by the bankers to the Treasury. When financial history comes to be written nothing will appear more striking than the way in which difficulties were discussed and met by the bankers' unofficial committee, which, though called into being *ad hoc*, will, it may be hoped, continue in some form to live on as a guiding and restraining influence over officialdom. Finally, it must be laid to the credit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, from first to last, he made no pretence to any knowledge of practical finance, but was content to act on the advice of those in daily contact with money and credit. The most difficult problem the banks had to face at the beginning of the war was the provision of currency. For obvious reasons gold could not be paid away to an indefinite extent, and yet nothing else was unlimited legal tender. Further complications existed in the serious shortage of silver and copper—the working-class coinage. After some academic and

quite unnecessary talk of suspending the Bank Act the Treasury issued inconvertible pound and ten shilling notes; and also made postal orders legal tender. In the meantime it was hoped the Mint would wake up to the situation and endeavour to make up a shortage already acute long before the war.

The aid the Treasury gave to the holders of bills by arranging for the Bank of England to discount, together with assistance for acceptors to take up their bills in due course, was naturally of prime importance to a banking system which freely discounted and also held bills as a strong line of defence in its liquid assets, but the primary object of the Treasury was to preserve the credit of London as the great international money centre. Relief to bill discounters was naturally followed by other City aid, and the closing of the Stock Exchange became necessary to prevent scared holders from sacrificing securities at any price. Not only as large investment holders, but as secured creditors, banks would in all probability have been severely hit by panic prices. The Stock Exchange is now open, but under close restrictions, such as minimum prices, cash dealings, and no alien enemy bargains. Bitter complaints continue to be made by stockbrokers and dealers, but all the wild talk about free trade in finance will find its right place, and the Treasury, if wise, will remain strict until the end of the war and some time after. Restriction on capital issues was in its turn simply complementary to the changes already made. We shall want for the war, and the rebuilding of world trade afterwards, all the capital we have, and it was vital to prevent its enticement away by specious offers of high interest.

Banks, then, begin the year with greatly increased deposits, loans about stationary, assets much more liquid, currency plentiful and easily procurable, with trade, generally speaking, rather below the normal. So far the prospect seems rosy, but when we come to examine the influence of war on world trade it is clear that the whole system will need very careful handling. The course of trade largely depends on what it is possible for the banks to do.

Latterly the Press has been filled with letters about war against the enemy's trade, most of the writers seeming to think that this trade is like ripe fruit which can be picked during the war and crystallized for ever after. The qualities that won this trade before the war will recover it after, and, unless British traders suit their methods to the markets the Germans captured, the Germans will surely turn them out again. When a bank is asked to lend for "capturing enemy trade" it may be forgiven for enquiring more closely into its customer's capability than into his suggested new area of enterprise.

In many parts of the world, it is true, diverted trade is temporarily open to English producers; but the fear is they may be so carried away by present profits as to embark on large extensions which will not be usable when world competition is renewed.

The most serious difficulty our banking system will have to face is the inevitable fall in existing investment values. While the depositor always gets his sovereign back, it is the bank which suffers from investment depreciation; and in the more prudent banks this has been fully realised and met by adequate appropriations to reserve. Every day the war continues the greater is the destruction of capital, and, the more capital destroyed, the greater will be the demand for it after the war is over. This can only mean a general rise in the rate of interest, and a rise in the rate of interest spells depreciation in fixed interest securities.

The check trade undoubtedly has suffered is not yet altogether apparent, mainly owing to the heavy Government disbursements for clothing and war material with consequent high wages. We congratulate ourselves on comparative unemployment returns, but forget that probably quite two millions of men have been taken out of the labour market for military purposes. Trades which do not supply war material have suffered and are suffering heavily, their position

being reflected in the increased bank credits which cannot be used. The lesson undoubtedly is a careful conservation of resources and a very close scrutiny of new propositions. The war is not the only cause of some of our existing trade conditions, though its ending may alter those conditions also. The bane of recent years has been the speculative German banking system, the free—almost partnership—lending to industry on long terms of credit with consequent ability on the part of German merchants to underbid world competitors by offering unjustifiable credit facilities. The foreign banks, by their system of discounting, have helped this trade on the London money markets; but it is to be hoped that when the war is over London will mark this German paper at its proper value. For some years both North and South America have been flooded with British credit: the "bond-pusher" from London has travelled his goods all over the kingdom, and the amount of money obtainable has been out of all proportion to the available resources of most of the borrowing countries. Default is now bringing home the lesson, which we fear will grow more bitter as the months slip by.

Nothing is easier or more popular than to preach that prosperity will follow victory; but we must realise that commerce is above all things international. All nations are customers of each other, and when one suffers the loss in the end is averaged over all. We have our financial mill to go through, and we shall come out of it all the better in the end if we keep a clear head and refuse to allow ourselves to be moved either to panic or to extravagant hopefulness.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 27) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"The tactics of War should be changed every ten years, to retain its superiority."

ONE of the thoughts relative to the art of war which has been handed down to us by the great Napoleon is showing proof of its prophetic intent on the daily battlefields of Europe. The march of the science of tactics has been slow but progressive. The great master of war once in a short speech to the Corps Legislatif briefly summarised the early method of procedure of the leaders of combatants who wished to gain some end that led to victory. "In old days the first requisite of a general or chief was physical force. Kings fought with each other face to face, and personal strength and courage won the day. Clovis and Charlemagne were the strongest men in the army. When military science changed from a series of duels between knights to the management of organised masses of men copied from the Macedonian phalanx everything was changed. Battles then were won not by individual courage but by science and military skill. It was this change, not the abolition of the feudal system, which altered the qualities necessary in a commander. Moreover, the feudal system was abolished by sovereigns to free themselves from the yoke of their turbulent, overwhelming nobles. They liberated the towns from service and raised battalions of peasantry. Then came the invention of gunpowder, which exercised an immense influence on the art of war."

We can well understand this influence. As long as the science in the manufacture of arms did not march beyond a weapon of simple construction and facile manipulation, such as the bow or the pike, it was an easy matter for a plain peasant manhood to master the art of arms, especially when the training was enforced in early youth. For us English the bow remained for centuries the personal weapon of the soldier, and by law every able man was bound to learn its use. The musters in 1574-75 account for 1,172,674 English men thus trained for service. People who dream that the Spaniards of the Armada would have fared better on land than on sea are grievously out of their reckoning. Not in all our history can we find a period when we have more reason to be proud of the real soul of the

nation. For a full century did this virile spirit permeate the character of the people, reaching, perhaps, its zenith under the rule and guiding hand of Cromwell. Never did our nation stand more powerful in the Councils of Europe than it did behind the targeteers, the horsemen, and the pikemen of the Great Protector, with a sprinkling of men called musketeers, handling a new arm. Then came a change which revolutionised both the character and spirit of the people.

The employment of gunpowder, previously confined to cannon service, came into general use with the personal weapon. Buckle, in his "History of Civilisation", lays down that undoubtedly the invention of gunpowder, though a warlike contrivance, has been of extreme service to the interests of peace, and his arguments are of much moment up to a certain point.

The musket, a new weapon of offence, involving costly equipment, the manufacture of an explosive, prolonged training to acquire the art of handling it, discipline and practice under expert leaders, debarred the majority of men from the possibility of procuring arms.

To suit the altered circumstances a new system was organised. Bodies of men were trained for the sole purpose of war, and these bodies were separated from the men in other employments in which formerly all men called upon to act when required as soldiers were engaged. Thus arose standing armies. In this way immense numbers of men—far the greater bulk of the nation—were gradually weaned from their old warlike habits and, being forced into purely civil life, their energies developed peaceful pursuits which hitherto had been neglected. The unsuspected decay in the national capacity for arms set in. The growth of the progress was slow, but imperceptibly the fibre of the manhood took in the germs of dry-rot when the healthy exercise of arms was no longer demanded as a duty. Fortunately for us the passion for pastimes has insensibly arrested the full force of the disease, for undoubtedly sports foster ambition, demand self-discipline, develop personal courage, and influence the spirit of the individual.

With the free exercise of the cultivation of the arts of peace the intellect developed, and, as its activity increased, the lust for war gradually succumbed to the pursuit of knowledge. If knowledge be power when in the hands of intellect, it very soon proved itself master of the war spirit of the nation, for exercise of the mind was certainly not demanded from either leaders or led in the standing army. No calling in life can earn the dignity of being termed an art or a science when brain work is not put into it, and as none was exacted from the military profession, in which both officers and men spent the best part of their lives, the "Art of War" made little progress as a study.

With the growth of wealth and with the fear that an increase in the number of men trained to arms might result in those arms being a trouble to themselves in peace, our rulers encouraged the system of hiring foreign soldiers to enable the country to play a part in Continental warfare. Our military leaders were thus denied the opportunity of gaining war experience and practical knowledge of the art of their profession. Thus further stagnation of intellect was inevitable, and the Army and its chiefs became veritable slaves to custom. This is illustrated in the appalling want of enterprise in attempting to improve the personal weapon of the man. For nigh two centuries the flint-lock musket, with slight alterations, remained the ideal weapon for the soldier. Nor were our sailors much less hidebound to antiquated custom. The old *Victory* at Portsmouth is a monument of the truth of this contention. She was a worn-out old craft forty years old when she went into battle at Trafalgar, and was then rated the fastest of battle-ships. Surely some mind could in forty years have devised improvements; but no, although for nigh a thousand years we had led the world on sea, it was not until the advent of steam that men woke up to the fact that a change of rig and hull could allow a ship to sail close to the wind and double her speed.

Every important addition made to knowledge increases the authority of the intellectual classes, and

as the enlightenment of a people increases they are apt to lose sight of the fact unless reminded thereof that readiness for war is still a factor for peace. The studies of the people become organised into separate classes, such as trade, commerce, manufacture, law, diplomacy, literature, science, art, philosophy, etc., and each class insists upon the supreme importance of its own pursuit. With a class whose intellect is not cultivated and whose thoughts are centred in the chances of personal distinction in war a long peace must beget mental stagnation. The military services necessarily decline not only in ability but in reputation. Small wonder, then, that parents whose offspring showed promise of genius took care to bring them up to one of the lay professions where intellect and industry promised reward. The fool of the family could always fall back upon the Army or the Church. As soon as eminent men grow unwilling to enter a profession the lustre of that profession is apt to become tarnished. The proof of the pronounced apathy which prevailed in the minds of our soldiers is further evidenced by the almost total absence of any literary work bearing upon the lessons to be learnt from the many wars of the eighteenth century and also those of the greatest soldier of all times until after the middle of the nineteenth century, when students began to realise that there was a science in warfare, and that there were principles upon which the great actors in the drama of war both by sea and land have based their actions and postulates upon which to found maxims for war. Even with the experience which we gained under our Iron Duke we failed for more than half a century after Waterloo to shake off antiquated military methods and customs, and our Army was burdened with officers whose hope of promotion was governed by the depth of their purses and not by the breadth of their brains. Thirst for knowledge was positively discouraged by superiors. The men followed suit, as they always will, and indolent and intemperate habits were the result. Two Continental wars, in 1866 and 1870, woke us up to some shortcomings in our military system. Mr. Cardwell handled the matter in the bold spirit required, and in direct opposition to Parliament proceeded first of all to take the Army out of pawn, and with an able lieutenant in the shape of Wolseley he introduced a young and fresh element into the ranks. Although our Army remains and still remains a standing Army in the old sense, yet from that day it commenced to turn the corner and began to think. A few deep students of war had already committed their thoughts to print. Hamley in our own tongue, Clausewitz and Jomini in foreign tongues, stand out prominently as the earlier exponents of classics on operations in war. The American Mahan opened the eyes of our nation and its seamen to the lessons to be learnt from the brilliant deeds of our Navy and to the potency of sea power and its influence on strategy, especially in the combined action of sea and land forces.

When monarchs rule who give their minds to the study of the art of war, military science begins to shed the chrysalis state brought about by years of peace. When they lead in battle and are "kings in their own camp", we may be sure that they take good care that men, material and method are of the best. The musket in the hands of the Great Frederick revolutionised the tactics of his period. Inheriting, as he did, the most perfectly disciplined machine for war, he put his own brains into the methods by which he could contrive to get the fullest use out of his incomparable infantry. A small contrivance, merely the substitute of an iron for a wooden ramrod, gave him a fire power which nearly doubled the effect in battle. It enabled him to broaden his tactical fronts in both attack and defence, and with the staunch discipline of his grenadiers for nigh seven years he could face odds in an extraordinarily fearless manner. To attempt to elaborate the tactical lessons bequeathed to us by the greatest master of war would be to write his life as a soldier Emperor. His master mind was the product of years of study of all the great campaigns of his soldier predecessors, who as generals had led armies in the field. The history of the past was to him the mentor of the future, and

with the improved material for war which science had gradually placed in his hands he turned the same to excellent advantage whenever he met an adversary who was not equally mentally equipped by study. He evolved principles in both strategy and tactics which will govern for ever the methods of war.

It is the change born of the defeat of a military Power by the great Napoleon which has ultimately revolutionised military thought and affected the ideas of many peoples and the lives of their citizens. Prussia, humbled to the dust in 1806, was forced to accept terms which imposed a limit to her standing army of some 42,000 men. To the great minds of Stein, Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst (ominous names), and to the devoted enthusiasm of a woman, Queen Louise, Prussia owes the idea that by periodically passing men through the ranks of her army for short periods the terms imposed by the conqueror could be fulfilled, while at the same time a ball could be set rolling which would gather strength in numbers as years went by. This notion mothered "a nation in arms".

The victor of Jena, demigod as he was, could hardly have foreseen that, in imposing the terms which he did upon his victim, he was forging a weapon which was shortly to help in bringing him himself to his knees and which in some future years was to beat to the earth the proud French people in a six months' struggle. This decisive triumph of a nation in arms in 1870 against the standing army of an old enemy established for ever the gospel that the burden of arms must be borne by the able-bodied men of every nation which aspires to maintain the security of its hearth and home.

When the manhood of a nation has to pass through the military mill, the intellect of the people begins to realise that there is science in warfare, both in its mechanism and in its application, which is battle. Men with minds decline to sell their lives with inferior weapons in their hands if better ones are to be obtained. They look to serve under good and tried leaders who have made war a study, and see that a minimum is left to chance and that their prospective adversaries are not superior in the scale of man power. They know, or should know, how to appreciate the value of discipline as a sure road to victory, and, burdensome though it may be, they realise that it would be wrong for its rulers to restrict the period of training to arms which experience and military authority consider as necessary. Science is a plant of slow growth, and no branch of it has taken longer to bud than the science of war. In its gradual development we can trace at each step that the brain of the leader who has seized the opportunity to evolve methods of war which give the soldier, with his improved weapon, an advantage in the combat has made a name for himself and brought victory to the colours of his country. Even the modest percussion cap has in its day affected the practice of battle. We stride on from the old smooth bore with its huge calibre to the smaller bore rifle and its increased range, then to the breech-loader and its needle action in the cap of the cartridge which won two campaigns in an incredibly short space of time in 1864 and 1866. At each stride the battle tactics of a previous era are swept away as obsolete. The gigantic struggle of 1870, although fought between forces equally well armed, showed that discipline and numbers are the factors that make for success in war and proved that standing armies raised on old conditions can hope for little success when called upon to fight with the trained masses of a nation that stands with arms behind its first line in battle. The triumph of German arms in its great contest forty-four years ago has riveted in the minds of its people that the yoke which must be borne by its manhood in peace, hateful as it may be, becomes the first element of strength in time of war. It ensures concentration of idea and purpose at that most critical period in a nation's history. Above all, it ensures that when the armed strength of the nation is put to the battle test its manhood is found steeled in the fire of discipline.

Needless to say, the introduction of a smokeless explosive for weapons of war was perhaps the chief agent of revolution in recent days in both battle tactics

and army organisation. We ourselves were the first to have the opportunity afforded by experience of studying the lessons presented by this new discovery. We paid somewhat dearly for the experience, but as a non-military nation we allowed others to reap the benefit of the lessons presented. In vain did our expert military chiefs hammer at the door of the political polemarch of the country to permit our forces to have full advantage of the knowledge that they had gained by the trial of arms. They were denied the peace trial of the full use of the airman and the heavy gun in combination, and thus once again we have found ourselves faced with the unexpected in war. Changes in weapons and war material, it must be remembered, affect practice only, not principles, in war. Tactics must shift with shifting weapons. The simplification of the personal weapon and the gun, the increased range and accuracy of both, the volume of rapid fire, the capacity for destruction, leave no scope for doubt that science has put within man's reach weapons which when placed in trained hands must revolutionise old methods. Other brains have evolved auxiliaries to take the place of eye and ears in the enlarged area of the battlefield. Air scouts, wireless telegraphy, telephones, guns of long range, howitzers of huge calibre, are now necessary equipments for the leader in war. And yet, with all the advantages of these auxiliaries, we see what may be rightly called "clinging tactics" maintained for months along hundreds of miles of a battle line. We see the domestic spade promising to be triumphant over the deadliest marksman. We see methods employed which are certainly hard upon the text-books that have been evolved after years of study. The "unexpected" that is met with at the commencement of every war has already reaped its advantage on the side which first presented it. Each side has now, after six months' schooling, learned its lesson from its adversary. Both are playing the same game of dogged war, but fortunately not with equal intelligence. The strategical envelopment of a flank is denied in both theatres of the huge struggle. For over a thousand miles in the Eastern and five hundred miles in the Western area of war the flanks of the opponents rest upon practically secure barriers. What is to be the next phase in this setting of siege warfare? There must come some issue out of the contest. What is going to be the decisive factor? He will not be far wrong who answers the question in two words: nerves and discipline.

THE SEAS.

One cannot but admire the audacity of the hostile submarine fleet which takes upon itself the duty of commerce destroying. Another "unexpected" feature of war is thrust under our very noses. The activity of this hidden enemy should be short lived. Our shipping associations have set the line of action and, unheeding official lawyer procedure, take their own methods of dealing with the danger. An offer of £500 for every submarine sunk will soon find a fleet of merchant craft with a buccaneer element on board that will take most risks. If our First Lord will spare some of the few hundreds of trained Marine Artillerymen who are buried in homeland defences (God only knows why!) and equip our small coasters with small quick-firing guns we shall hear little more of the new terror on our coasts. We are apt to forget that prize money was the stimulant that led to British Empire making.

PROFESSOR HANS DELBRÜCK.

By PEMBROKE WICKS.

PROFESSOR HANS DELBRÜCK wrote in the December number of the "Preussischer Jahrbuch" a year ago:

"National idealism in Germany is in danger of being turned into national fanaticism, and that is the greatest danger that can happen for the health of the soul of any people. Therefore, ye leaders of the people, take heed. A very grave matter is involved. . . . The only great danger for the future of the German Empire lies in foreign policy. We might allow ourselves to be drawn into a war which would not only be an unspeakable misfortune for us and for the whole of the cultured world—since

it would be unnecessary—but the outcome of which—as things are at present in Europe—is by no means certain. Such a war should only be engaged in if necessity or honour compels it—or the future of the nation is at stake. That is not the case."

These views, expressed only a few months ago, contrast amazingly with Delbrück's writings since the war. It seemed that we had found a German professor who knew the truth and was not afraid to tell it. We see now that his contempt for honourable dealing is on a level with the rest of his colleagues. Expediency is his only code. In his writings since the war he has lied with the rest as occasion offered. His article in this month's number of the American magazine, "The Atlantic Monthly", is a fair sample. In spite of the definite assurance obtained by Sir Edward Grey from the French Government that France would respect Belgian neutrality unless any other Power violated it, Professor Delbrück has elaborated the lie that France would have violated Belgian neutrality by suggesting that France would have waited until the Russians were on the German frontier, and would then have invaded Germany by passing through Belgium. This new lie, for American consumption, shows the depths to which even the most eminent German scholars will descend if they think it will serve their purpose.

Delbrück's change of attitude and temper is amazing. All he has written since war broke out can, as will be shown, be confuted from his own writings in the past. Delbrück is the last of the group of remarkable German historians of the latter half of the nineteenth century—the contemporary of Droysen, von Sybel, Giesebrecht, and von Treitschke, and the pupil of Ranke. For some years he was joint editor of the "Preussischer Jahrbuch" with von Treitschke. Since the death of the latter Professor Delbrück has been the sole editor. He has been professor of modern history at Berlin University since 1885. His special department is the history of the relationship between war and political conditions—the political and social causes and effects of the great wars of the past. He has gained added distinction by his skill in applying the methods of modern scientific research to the study of comparative history.

Delbrück's experience of the conditions which make for a disastrous war and national downfall enabled him to realise the danger of the propaganda of the All-German party. Of them he wrote:

"The danger to Germany's future lies not in Social Democracy nor in the Centre Party, but in the 'All Germans'. . . . That the All-German League, and in particular the members of the Committee, are true and, indeed, self-sacrificing patriots needs no proof, but *corruptio optimi pessima*. For this reason, because their intentions are good. Meaning well, they seek to propel Germany on a false path and would thereby bring our future into greater danger than the Social Democrats. . . . Formerly it was possible to console oneself with the thought that the 'All Germans' were a small sect, hardly to be taken seriously and without influence. To-day, that can no longer be said. The All-German Press is widely extended and has a very zealous following. It is not surprising that anxiety at the success of the All-German agitation is widespread."

He foresaw the folly of deliberately provoking a great European war. His words were prophetic:

"An unnecessary war or one imposed upon us at the wrong time in a not very favourable international situation is the most dangerous and terrible thing that could happen."

France is so well equipped that in a contest between France and Germany alone our success would be very stoutly resisted. No doubt we should overcome our western neighbour, but only after a very long and very obstinate resistance. But an isolated contest between us and France is out of the question. If we made war on France we should undoubtedly have to deal with Russia, and probably also with England. Russia has recovered with incredible rapidity from the damage done by the Manchurian war and the Revolution. Her peace army is stronger than those of Germany, Austria, and Italy put together. The military strength of our own alliance—the Triple Alliance—is not so very great and is subject to many internal hindrances.

"The political task of Germany in such an international situation can, it is true, be no other than to strive, undisturbed, for the goal of a larger colonial empire and not to suffer the further 'dividing up' or marking out 'spheres of interest' in the world to take place without our having a share, and at the same time,

*A powerful non-party monthly review dealing with literary, social, and political questions. Its influence on German thought is considerable.

in order to exercise the necessary pressure, to maintain our armaments as efficient as possible, but only actually to make war when there remains absolutely no other honourable way out."

In spite of his close association with von Treitschke, Delbrück did not fall under the influence of the philosophy of war. The cruder, more violent views of Bernhardi were formerly unable to deceive him. He cherished no false illusions. The year before von Treitschke's death he wrote in an essay, "Peace and War in the Future":

"Well may we say that all the horrors of war are surpassed by the hero-spirit, which is stronger than death and gives its own life for duty's sake. For this reason war is by no means merely a barbarous but also a lofty ethical phenomenon. Still, one must not on account of its ethical value uphold war and desire to wage it if it is otherwise avoidable and may be prevented. The mighty destiny which both inspires and shatters mankind may impose tests on us and we may essay to withstand them and preserve ourselves under them, but mankind must not voluntarily conjure up and demand such destiny if it can be avoided, for that is tempting God. . . . That appears to be wantonness and not bravery."

In his attacks upon England he has less excuse than many of his colleagues. He made a long visit to England in 1913 and delivered a series of lectures at London University. That his visit had opened up the way to a wider sympathy with our aims and ideals is apparent from the following extract from an article written by him shortly after his return to Germany, which shows that at that time he was, like Nietzsche, a "good European".

"The truly German mind never forgets that the German people, with all its individuality, is at the same time but the limb of a surrounding association of nations and of culture, and by intercommunion with them has historically become what it is. These nations remain permanently in inter-relation and mutually enrich one another by the exchange of ideas and institutions. . . . The consciousness of the universal communion of all cultured peoples is the proper antidote for those hardening influences of Nationalism—the creed of the All Germans—which seek to impose their bondage upon individuals, and thereby the best means for maintaining the right of individuality—of personality. . . . The national idea (of the All Germans) on the one hand and Socialism on the other threaten us with a dreary machine-made existence. That the Socialistic State of the future would stifle individuality and would plunge us into a new condition of barbarism is self-evident. But also Nationalism narrows the circle of vision, darkens the outlook and is an enemy of wider culture."

Delbrück has seen his prophecy come true; national idealism has been turned into national fanaticism. He has seen the ethics and morals of the German people sink to the level laid down by their rulers. Moreover, he himself is an example of the degradation he foretold. He now writes as a fanatic, and subscribes the brutal formulae he once so ably denounced. There is no excuse for Delbrück's present attitude. He knows that the German people have been raised to the pitch of war fever only by the machinations of the All-German party during the past few years. And yet he dares to posture as the champion of a righteous war of self-defence.

Delbrück holds an influential position in Berlin. At one time he was tutor in the Royal household, and is on terms of intimacy with the Kaiser. He is 66 years old. Possibly, at first, all his influence was used on the side of peace. Other references in the article quoted above indicate that the real thinkers in Germany (not the superficial intellectuals of the All-German party) foresaw the national danger. But since the outbreak of war the suppression of the truth and the spread of false news by the German Government have made it impossible or inexpedient for even the most enlightened to keep an unbiased judgment. An appeal has been made to the most sacred instincts of their patriotism: they have been told that Germany was not the aggressor: that they are waging war in defence of the Fatherland: that Germany is the object of unprovoked attack on all sides. The ignorant believe it. Those who know better, like Delbrück, no doubt consider it prudent to swim with the tide. The rulers of Germany, under the pressure of the All-German party, have led the nation astray. A systematic campaign of lies has completed the work of Treitschke and Bernhardi. When the truth is known the reaction will

be all the more violent. The rulers of Germany have outdone Bismarck in his contempt for the *beschränkter Untertanenverstand*; but, as in the whole of their present policy, their calculations are based entirely on success. Failure will bring a terrible awakening.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

HORSES AT THE FRONT.

THE statement is made on good authority that the average life of the German horse at the front is no longer than three days. The German horses are not as good as those used by the British, but they are better than some of the animals used for transport, battle, and ambulance purposes; the extraordinary loss is due to the reckless way in which they are used—as a machine that can be worked at high pressure until it drops—and to the fact that the German organisation, in every other way a marvel of forethought and preparation, appears to have given scant attention to veterinary work. The result is a loss of animal life which already means a shortage of horses in Germany, and which must be felt for many years. The implied horror of these statistics does not need to be emphasised.

This is one of the matters we manage better in England. Our horses on the whole are better than those of the Germans, and our cavalrymen and transport riders are more careful of their charges. But the horses do the same work; they are subject to the same accidents and diseases, and if they are not recklessly wasted and left to die when sick it is because of the existence of the Army Veterinary Corps and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The A.V.C. is one of the youngest branches of the Army organisation, but it has more than justified its existence. To put the thing on its lowest ground, it has paid for itself by the numbers of horses whose lives it has saved. The horse mortality, which in the South African War reached the high figure of 66 per cent.—partly because sick horses had to be shot lest they should be found abandoned, doctored by the Boers, and used against us—has been reduced to 39 per cent. in the present campaign, and there is some hope that when the present terrible weather is over it may be reduced still further. Trench-fighting has certainly stopped cavalry work, and so reduced the mortality of horses in action; but continuous wet, and transport work in flooded country along roads broken up by heavy motor traffic, have been responsible for a large amount of horse-pneumonia and debility. The bulk of the animals so affected would certainly have died had it not been for the A.V.C.; as it is, they have been taken to veterinary hospitals—there are ten such at the Front already, and more are preparing—doctored and rested, and probably the bulk of them are as fit as ever again after a few days. Those poor beasts whose recovery is hopeless are put out of their misery after examination by a veterinary surgeon; the wounded are operated on under chloroform, and when on the way to recovery are removed to a Convalescent Horse Depot which has been established in Northern France, where the patients receive extra feed and attention.

Each horse hospital is organised to deal with a thousand cases. By the end of 1914 nearly thirty thousand horses had been treated. To every division and cavalry brigade is attached a veterinary section, with an officer and 22 A.V.C. men in charge. Their work is not only remedial but preventive, since it is their business not only to relieve the field units of all sick animals, but to keep a sharp eye on the outbreak of epidemic disease, which, if unchecked, might seriously paralyse the activities of the troops. Up to the present this has been achieved, and it is hoped that success will continue, although the number of horses engaged in the 1915 campaign will necessarily be far larger than that of last year.

Two things are needed—men and money. For the R.S.P.C.A. fund some £20,000 has already been sub-

scribed in two months, but as much again will be needed if the ground is to be efficiently covered. As the fund of the Society—which is authorised by the War Office—grows it will be possible to employ more men in the work, and to secure better conditions for the men themselves. The men have suffered considerably from poor accommodation, bad weather, and overwork. We have no hesitation in endorsing the appeal of the Society, for its work is justified not only on economic grounds, but also as a humane occupation. The enemy are fighting this campaign on a basis of calculated "frightfulness", and when they have no regard for human life we cannot expect them to pay more attention to that of their animals. But it has long been the pride of England to lead the way in skill and humanity in the handling of animals, and in this present war we are confident she will not forgo her reputation.

The R.S.P.C.A. does excellent work at all times and deserves to be heartily supported. At present the need of the Society is urgent, and we can assure our readers as to the excellent use made of every shilling subscribed. We have purposely refrained from painting the horrors of war upon this side. But though we appeal more for the military and economic value of the work of preservation which the R.S.P.C.A. is helping to do, this is because no lover of the horse can help missing the other appeal.

THE DIGNITY OF PRINT.

By IRENE BERESFORD-HOPE.

THERE is a proud ring of women in England today whose relations at the Front write letters that appear in print. We admire these ladies with respectful envy: our boys will never lift us to their high plane. Perhaps we are singularly unlucky. The soldiers whom we do not know, but whose style we judge from printed extracts, write home in careful English, with a high standard of punctuation. The soldiers whom we know write differently. "Mother" in the next street shows us a bethumbed sheet of paper from her Jack. He says:

"Dear Mother I hope this finds you well as it leaves me at present. I am in hospital with a bad foot. Dear Mother please send me a packet of smokes yesterday I received my pay and when I asked where the rest of it was they rekond up to me that I owed them some so I was sorry I spoke. dear Mother I hope Freddy and Polly are well. I must end now from your loving son Jack."

A triangle of crosses below his name represent kisses. "Mother" is naturally interested to hear that Jack is both well and in hospital with a bad foot, but she does not imagine his reflections on his pay will interest a larger circle than his relatives and friends.

"Mother" outside our radius, proudly conscious of a wider appreciation, sends her John's letter to the Press. John writes: "We have steel plates with an oval drilled through the centre through which to fire. This aperture is not more than four inches by three. Sleeping in the trenches one can sit in a semi-somnolent state and have a man at one's elbow firing away without disturbing one's rest. It is quite true; there is no need to embellish actual occurrences."

With practice will our Jack develop into a John? He is now training in England, but when he gets to the Front will his words flow from the pen of a ready writer, and his ideas leap with ease from "smokes and rekond pay" to "steel apertures and somnolence"? His style will surely rise to the level of the unknown John. "Mother's" Jack and her neighbour's Jack cannot be the least educated of the King's soldiers. It must be that the dignity of print inspires John; when Jack has that stimulus he too will write letters worthy of the daily press.

The same difficulties beset our subalterns. The parents of other subalterns can point with pride to their sons' literary efforts under the heading "Letters from the Front". One writes: "It took six hours to

get two of the regiments and three mountain guns across the river. We held our position, although they made some attempt to shell us. I had a stray bullet through my scabbard."

Our boy scribbled: "I was getting up the stores for four hours in my sleeping suit, which consisted of a sleeveless vest and shorts. You should have seen me."

Even a partial parent would blush to compare these compositions. There is such a casual choice of subject in our boy's remark, such a want of delicacy in its treatment. Who would dare offer it to "The Times"? Yet hundreds of subalterns compose letters whose reproduction, propped against the marmalade jar at breakfast, must gladden the eyes of their friends all over England. Perhaps if our boys could see one of the originals it would nerve them to further efforts. There might even be a regimental scribe whose passages of temperate eloquence could serve as a model to his brother officers. The occasion is there and the material is there: why write about a sleeping suit? True, it gives a clear idea of what our boy is doing and how he looks, but it does not provide us with a note of sustained patriotism from which we can effectively quote.

Again, "A young officer writes to his sister": "Our force had to halt, as the ground was very difficult. The General commanding directed us to continue at daybreak, but the enemy wished to surrender." Whereas our boys describe their operations thus: "We wired the information to headquarters, and they very kindly replied telling us to observe the punctuation rules in the code-book." Doubtless the rebuke was just, but nothing will make it look impressive in print.

Then "an officer writes": "Shells keep whistling over—so long as none fall on us we're all right. Should they happen to fall short, I fear we shall vanish with our billets in a cloud of smoke and dust." Our boys state baldly: "The last fell a hundred yards from here, it's very inconvenient when one's writing." Or, "I hope X. and his crew didn't get mopped up. They seem to have been hotted a bit."

The "Mother of a subaltern" sees quoted in her favourite newspaper: "It is well nigh impossible to express or realise the situation without being actually present"; while our dear boys scrawl in half-illegible characters: "A European war is funny!"

They create an undignified atmosphere round them. In print a soldier is referred to as "a worthy representative of the country he is fighting for". In practice, those who know our particular soldiers' records cheerfully enquire: "And how's your bad egg getting on?"

In whatever country our boys are serving their literary style remains unimpaired. Yet we must not be unjust; they have one variation which begins: "I have the honour to report". Once an echo of this crept into a letter, and we read with respectful awe: "We sailed at 8 p.m. on 4 river steamers accompanied by 3 gunboats and 2 tugs. Two guns came ashore and the other four stayed on the river steamers (on two of them that is to say) on which places had been built up for them". We wondered how many lines of print that would fill, and proudly turned the page: "Ours has been a cheerful little show—except that the blighters wouldn't stay".

We folded the letter up and put away our dreams.

Other families will enjoy the dignity of print; but not for us, and not for our friends, the pride of pasting letters in a specially-bought volume of press-cuttings of the Great War.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

IN a little book, just published, about the Ballad* Mr. Sidgwick very wisely doubts the propriety of treating the ballad as if it were part of the art and craft of letters. The ballad, he says, is not literature,

* "The Ballad." By Frank Sidgwick. Secker. 1s. net.

and we must begin by understanding that he is using here no artistic or pedantic quibble. Men sang before they wrote, and they continued singing lustily right up to the time when it was held good that their children should be educated forcibly and without exception. Through more centuries than we can reckon they chanted their emotions, and then came the age when both the need and the desire for this form of expression seemed to cease. Confronted with cold print, and taught, more or less, to understand its meaning, they knew a new epoch had begun, and that all their words had been taken out of their mouths. The ballad, as they knew it, was never meant to be written. It was a thing capable of any amount of alteration and adaptation to meet the mood of the moment, essentially fluid in all its characteristics, springing only from some distant fount of tradition. The written word, on the other hand, is deadly evidence against its author. Only a few persons of rare assurance dare to make it sing for them, lest there should be a croak in its voice on the morrow.

Every student of the ballad comes sooner or later on the question of communistic authorship. Is it really possible that there was a time when the "folk", under the spell of some collective emotion, burst into song together? The strictly impersonal tone of our ballads appears to preclude the idea that any of them were the work of a single author, though against this it may be urged that time may well have whittled away every sign of their first lyric impulse. Mr. Sidgwick makes the interesting suggestion that they were actually composed in what may be called a wave of popular excitement when individualism automatically ceases to exist. Much, certainly, is to be said for this theory, but there is another which, though more prosaic, seems on the whole more probable. A number of young men, let us say, returning to their village after some deed of arms abroad, wish to gain themselves a secure place of honour in their community. The simple telling of their story will scarcely be enough; in order that it shall be remembered it must be put into some form of verse, since, of course, letters are either unknown or unpopular. Someone, whether of their number or not, will be selected for the duty of recitation and versification, and all will look on the man chosen simply as spokesman of the deputation. Any tendency in him to be himself will, we may be sure, be rigorously checked as detracting from the glory of those for whom he speaks, since to be true poet and true laureate has ever been a hard task. Even originality of language was denied the reciter. Phrases sanctified by time, or in common currency, had to be used, not only because unsophisticated listeners would the better understand, but also because the new heroes wished to link themselves with those who had in the past been celebrated in similar song.

It may, of course, be objected that a chronicle of deeds is not a proper ballad, but the same reasoning holds good for such subjects as a bold elopement, a cruel murder, or a supernatural occurrence. Any of these things would have run by rumour to stir popular imagination before their story had been put into form. Someone, it is true, might rise up and declaim his personal opinions, but we can guess how the crowd would treat his heresy. Your true ballad-monger, for his part, took the sense of his public and recited his stanzas accordingly, which, being much to the taste of the audience, were enshrined in memory for the due edification of future generations. The other and contradictory version of the tale did not survive the telling. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*

Nearly everything that was counted a virtue in the balladist would be taken to-day as a fault in the poet, but the more we study him the more we are convinced that he had in him the makings of a successful journalist. The newspaper is, in fact, the most direct descendant of the ballad, as well as being, by the way, the chief agent in its destruction. Journalist and ballad-monger seem to be at one in their anonymity and mutability, and they are united also in the fact that the sentiments they express are less their own than those of the public which they are addressing. To assure

ourselves more fully of the resemblance, the best way is to turn to one of the papers which week by week record the news of some small provincial town, and to glance at its numbers published over a space of several years. Any number of subjects may be treated, but for each of them we find certain verbal conventions. Royal visits, flower shows, weddings, exploits of the local constabulary or fire brigade, may all be described, but each has its set terms. Kings, and such as they, arrive, proceed, and depart, but, as is well known, neither come, walk, nor go. To the policeman his customary efficiency; to the firemen their promptitude; to the bride her charm and, in the extreme cases, her blushes. It all seems very ridiculous; but before launching our mirth at the village reporter for his painfully commonplace stock of phrases, let us ask whether we may not be dealing with a balladist born in an age when his full talents cannot be exercised. Time was, as Mr. Sidgwick reminds us, when ladies were always gay and sewing at their silken seams; water was always wan, swords brown, and the briar growing over the grave of every true lover. It is quaint, curious, and delightful now, but will not these same epithets one day belong to much that is now utterly despised? The description of the lavish spread which Host Snooks set before the Pig Club at its annual meeting at the "George" may make wonderfully entertaining reading in the thirtieth century, and be found not lacking in pristine charm.

Mr. Sidgwick, we note, takes it for granted that the ballad is as dead as the ichthyosaurus; yet this, surely, is a view not altogether true. It embraces only countries like our own where the news of the day is regularly printed and circulated. Elsewhere the gift of song has not departed. In an interesting chapter of a book on Serbia lately written by M. Petrovitch, it is related that the "gooslari" of that land still chant not only the old historic tales, but also the latest exploits of King Peter and his army against Turk and Austrian, and in the preface to the same work it is stated that when M. Miyatovich as Minister of Finance was overthrown on the budget in 1873, his defeat was recited to the people in blank verse on the same evening and on the next morning. Here, indeed, we reach a point where it seems proved beyond dispute that ballad and newspaper are very near akin. In a land possessing many of our most familiar interests and institutions, but still largely illiterate, the ballad-monger retains most of his ancient glory, yet we find him dealing with the very subjects which an English journalist daily treats. What Mr. Sidgwick calls "the conglomerate mind of the folk" does not at any time or in any country cease to express itself. The trick of song may be lost by the lips of the people, but its spirit, though chastened, still endures. The student of our storied past is of all men the least likely to take kindly to the idea of the mechanically produced newspaper as the successor of the ballad; yet if the one is inevitably linked with the other, let him take refuge in the thought that so also is linked the snake with Eden.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ONLY WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palazzo Simonetti, 11 Via Vittoria Colonna, Rome,

27 January 1915.

SIR,—Although I have been all my life a Liberal, and have stood three times as a candidate for Parliament on the Liberal side, I have always been in favour of compulsory military training, and have advocated that cause, in season and out of season, at a time when it was not considered within the range of practical politics, and when there was no one to support me. I was converted to this view by the study, in my early manhood, of Milton's "Tractate on Education", in my opinion the best treatise on that subject in the English language. No one can accuse Milton of underrating intellectual education, but he regards instruction in the rudiments of military service,

either on foot or on horseback, as an essential part of the training which is to fit a man to perform, "justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war". He had lived through a Civil War, and knew what he was talking about. I was an original member of the Cambridge University Rifle Corps in 1859; I witnessed the first foundation of the Eton College Volunteer Corps, as an Eton Master, in 1860, and my only quarrel with that institution was that it was not compulsory on every boy, but laid an additional burden on those who were already sufficiently burdened with athletic pursuits. I am an enthusiastic supporter of the Boy Scouts, and it is not likely that I should oppose Mr. Walter Long's scheme of establishing a "Cadet Corps" in every school. In Switzerland, which has an admirable system of compulsory military service, simple military evolutions are taught to children, male and female, who can scarcely walk; a good deal of military science is known to every young man, and no one can say that Switzerland is demoralised by militarism.

Here, in Italy, where I have been living for the last year, I have found a kind of training for the young of a slightly different character, but quite as efficacious, consisting in the association of lads with the serious work of their elders at an early age. Let me give a few examples: A school-boy of fifteen, living in a town which has suffered from the recent earthquake, writes to me that his school building has been turned into a hospital, and that he is occupied early and late as a nurse, being attached to the department of dressing after operations, called in Italian "medicatura". Yesterday three lads, one seventeen, the other two sixteen, called on me in the dress of the "volunteer cyclists". They had ridden from Civit  Castellana in pouring rain, and were preparing to train through the night so as to arrive at Sora at three in the morning. They would stay there a week, discovering and helping to bury the dead bodies. They formed part of a platoon under a corporal, and belonged to a still larger force under a captain. It is surely better to be trained in these manly occupations, ready to do real service in a public emergency, than to be devoted to cricket and football; and this form of precocious manliness seems to be characteristic of Italians. I spent three months of the summer in an hotel in the Abruzzi, where the cook and the professional waiter left suddenly in a huff. The landlord, an educated gentleman, fell back on his own resources. His wife cooked the dinner admirably; he did the waiting himself, assisted by his daughter of ten and his eldest son of six, whose care and gravity in the performance of their duties were only equalled by their efficiency. I have read that the Senators of Rome used to take their youthful sons to the Senate House to give them interest and knowledge in public affairs. Let us not confine ourselves to military training, but adopt a larger plan of associating our children in our own serious pursuits. I have known worthy clergymen, successful lawyers, and even distinguished statesmen whose sons knew nothing of their fathers' work; while the fathers were equally ignorant of their sons' interests and occupations. Let us imitate the Italians, who follow the example of the Romans from whom they are descended, and whom, under good government and education, they are beginning to resemble.

OSCAR BROWNING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 February 1915.

SIR,—The sooner the Executive takes to itself power to put every born Briton where he may be of the greatest use from the military point of view—which is the only point of view we ought to consider until the enemy is completely crushed—the better it will be for ourselves and the peoples yet unborn. It is a point worthy of reflection that hardly any of us who would come under any scheme of Universal Service object to it.

Every man of us between 20 and 40 has the right to be used to the best military advantage.

There is, though, embedded in every man a sense of justice, and that sense is outraged under the voluntary system.

In August we asked 70,000 men, voluntarily enlisted, to do and perform the duty of a whole nation. We pride ourselves upon our national level-headedness, yet what can be said of a people who will not stop to do the simplest of sums?

If it took Von Kluck 300,000 men to encircle 70,000 of our troops, how many would it have taken to surround 500,000? We know the whole German Army could not have done it. The retreat from Mons will live so long as our race endures, as a monument unto our heroism, but, alas, also as a memorial of our political stupidity. For some reason or other our public have the idea, owing probably to the phrase "Universal Service", that when the Germans launched their armies in August it was their maximum effort, and that practically every trainable man was already in their ranks.

Such was far from the truth. There are two vital facts which I would emphasise. First, since 1900 the Prussian Government has called up for military service only 49 to 51 per cent., not of their manhood of a certain age, but of the trainable population of a particular age. In other words, out of every hundred men fit for training, both from the physical and mental point of view, they accepted only 49 to 51. And this part was not the best of their brains and sinews, rather it was their policy to leave the better part for the carrying of German ideas and business into all parts of the world. Secondly, for now more than a decade the Government has discouraged emigration. The 1912 figures are eloquent, nearly 500,000 of the best of our people left our shores for North America, only 18,000 Germans left the Fatherland in the same period.

The German knows that man-power, and man-power alone, can either build up a people or destroy its foes. What is the result? When the war broke out, over and above her armies of trained men, she had a vast reserve of some six to seven million of the best of her manhood. From that reserve sprang the army of volunteers that at this moment are being prepared for the maximum effort, which the present writer thinks will not be put out before the autumn of this year.

It is probable we shall require four million men to complete the destruction of Prussian militarism.

Now, Sir, what have we been doing since 1900? We have allowed and encouraged every railway and shipping agent, every Emigration Commissioner to entice our young men away from the land of their birth. We have actually taken a kind of malicious joy in the fact that our people by the hundred of thousand were leaving our shores. The vista opened by this question is much too vast to gaze upon at this juncture.

Let us meditate a little though upon facts. In the North American Continent at this moment are about one and a half million men, clean, straight, and strong-limbed, born in these islands, educated and bred among us, who have left our shores during the past fifteen years. Our Consulates in America are besieged each day by Englishmen who desire to do their duty, to be allowed their undoubted right of defending the land where they were born and where the ashes of their fathers rest. Our Consuls have neither the funds nor the power of returning these patriots to our shores.

Let the Executive give every Briton his common-law right, let the Executive bring into being what is termed "Universal Service", and with one stroke of the pen some million men at least, at present domiciled on the North American Continent, become part and parcel of our potential military strength, and have the right to be carried to England.

It can hardly be expected that men who are ready to give up their positions and risk their lives should also return to us at their own cost. When the war broke out some ninety Englishmen in the far-away North-West Canada sold their little all and paid their own fares to Liverpool to enlist in Kitchener's Army. Theirs is the honour. The manhood of England has done better than well under voluntary enlistment, but its very nobility and abnegation are now working

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justice to the many other thousands of our sons domiciled outside these shores.

Universal Service is the only way now by which these others may enter into the privilege of their birthright. Allow the politicians the right to refuse the organisation necessary to bring all our children back at this crisis, when they are so urgently wanted?

Whether obligatory service for all be introduced or not, I think that arrangement may be made and funds provided at once, that every man of military age, of sound physique, born in these islands, at present domiciled on the North or South American Continent, may be allowed, if he so wishes, to realise his right of offering his life upon the altar of his Motherland.

I have but now returned from Canada and the States. I have very good reasons for believing that hundreds of thousands of our own children are but waiting the call of the Home authorities and the organisation necessary to transfer them to England.

A. L. ARTUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23, Comeragh Road,
West Kensington, W.

SIR,—To those who see a throttling of liberty in Conscription it will come as a shock to know what the German schools teach their youth about our voluntary system.

As late as July a German student at Cambridge gave me his reason—with a force that for him put the question beyond dispute—why he would always fight for his Fatherland: "I must; we are not like you; we have no paid slaves to do our fighting for us". Whatever the twist in this reasoning, it is clear that Conscription breeds a fine patriotism.

Yours, etc.,

ALEX. LAWSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be interested to know what view the greatest of Americans to-day, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, takes of the grand principle of national obligatory service which you are urging. "In every South American country where a really efficient army is developed", writes Mr. Roosevelt, "the increase in military efficiency goes hand in hand with a decrease in lawlessness and disorder, and a growing reluctance to settle internal disagreements by violence. They are introducing universal military service in Paraguay; the officers, many of whom have served abroad, are growing to feel an increased *esprit de corps*, an increased pride in the army, and therefore a desire to see the army made the servant of the nation as a whole, and not the tool of any faction or individual". The italics are mine; and I think the words are worth spreading abroad.

Yours faithfully,

AN ANGLO-SAXON.

RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In concluding this correspondence, there is one misapprehension which I would like to remove. My statement that the figures 26,768 "admittedly include reservists" was not a "charge of bad faith affecting the honesty of Ulster statistics".

I made no charge of bad faith against anyone. Indeed, the very word "admittedly", to which Mr. Wicks objects, must, of itself, absolve me from the least suspicion of making such a charge as regards Ulster.

Your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

A PROPHECY FROM DANISH SLESWICK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 January 1915.

SIR,—The forty-fourth anniversary of the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles prompts me to cite a prophetic remark made several years ago by a humble Dane in North Sleswick to a Danish author travelling in this severed part of Denmark.

"Germany was not a firmly composed realm", said the man, gazing straight ahead. "She has powerful enemies and she must one day tumble to pieces. Then we once more become Danes!" his face beaming with smiles.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. PRIOR.

INOCULATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Campden House Chambers, W.,

3 February 1915.

SIR,—"*Proved scientifically*" were your words. I ask you to substantiate them. In return you give me some figures of the *post hoc, propter hoc* order. Your figures show that it is possible to be inoculated without typhoid resulting. That is all you *prove*.

Naturally in the SATURDAY REVIEW one expects such words as "*scientifically proved*" to have been used with some justification. Your authorities stand out as authorities, but you quote no proof. What is the stuff made of? Why does it stop typhoid? I notice that Osler, Treves, and Paget (the only authorities you give) are all doctors, and just as every baby vaccinated is at least 7s. 6d. straight into the trouser-pocket of some doctor somewhere, so every soldier inoculated is a useful sum straight into the pockets of the makers, purveyors, and inoculators of the vaccine. Your proof, to be valid, must cover this pre-disposition of theirs and also your claims for compulsion. Out with it; let us have it, or else "dry up" and admit "you were mistaken".

I am, Sir, etc.,

HARBERTON.

[We leave Viscount Harborton with the last word. He has now accused our doctors of urging inoculation as a professional conspiracy to defraud their patients and the public. This correspondence is now closed.—Ed., "S.R."]

THE BRITISH NAME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 January 1915.

SIR,—I was frankly amazed to read in your issue of 23rd inst. a letter signed "Englishwoman", deprecating the use of "Britain" and "British", the words preferred by her being "England" and "English".

Pray where does my country of Scotland come in? Does not "Englishwoman" know that by the first article of the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England the use of "Britain" is obligatory on both nations—that, in fact, it is the national name? Evidently your correspondent (and unfortunately she is not alone) has never heard of the Union Treaty, or at least relegates it to that shadowy past which has nothing to do with the present—another "scrap of paper" indeed.

It is this thoughtless ignorance on the part of many south of the Tweed that has led to so much feeling in Scotland over this misuse of the national name, and the same cause is responsible for the wrong usage of foreign nations, and even on the part of our American friends.

"Englishwoman" may rest assured that we Scots did not fight our Bannockburn for nothing, and will not consent to the blotting out of our name and nation by the use of "England" and "English" where "Britain" and "British" should be used. Rather will we cancel the Union and resume our independent status.

Yours respectfully,

SCOTUS.

BIRD LIFE IN JANUARY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SIR,—It would be interesting to learn if any of your observant readers have noted the most prolific bird life that the New Year has favoured us with in the North of England. On 8 January, at 9 a.m., during half-an-hour's stroll in Jesmond Dene, Newcastle-on-Tyne, I observed the Greater Spotted Woodpecker, Blue Tit, Bramblefinch, Hedge Sparrow, Goldfinch, Wren, Robin, Missel Thrush, Starling, Rook, Blackbird, and Bullfinch. All save the woodpecker seemed very friendly, and the bramblingfinches are of good plumage this year, the breast and scapulars being of a rich orange-brown. The robins were very bold, and clustered around a horse and cart while the driver emptied out the gravel. Blue tits were hunting about in quartets, and altogether the range of bird life was most interesting for a public park with busy roads all round it. At Gosforth (Northumberland) on the following day I saw several gulls eight miles inland, large flocks of starlings and plovers feeding on larvæ close by. Fieldfares and redwings, too, seem fairly plentiful. Farther north, in Berwickshire, I gathered that finches, snow-buntings, and twites are most numerous this winter, the first-named being still vocal. Lapwings and rock-pipits must also be added to the Border list of what seems to be an unusually wide distribution of small birds.

Has the war in Northern Europe proved a disturbing factor in the bird world?

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED S. REEVE.

ALCOHOL AND EFFICIENCY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Frank Adkins's letter on this subject, published lately in the SATURDAY REVIEW, restates in a different form and with particular application to the present condition of affairs, the old thesis of the extreme teetotaler that all indulgence in alcoholised liquor is bad, physically, nervously, morally and financially; that use and abuse, moderation and excess are the same; that the consumption of alcohol in any form or for any purpose is useless and vicious, and that its manufacture, sale and use should be prohibited either by voluntary effort or by State interdiction.

It is remarkable how the extreme section of abstainers seizes any peg on which to hang its propaganda, and it is still more remarkable that at this time of day, in view of the well-considered opinions of military and naval commanders, medical officers, chaplains, and others on active service best qualified to judge, your correspondent should desire to deprive the men in the trenches of the modicum of physical comfort and well-being they obtain from the rum and other liquors served out to them.

Into Mr. Adkins's calculation of the amount spent on alcoholised liquor during the past quarter of a century it is not necessary to go beyond stating that even assuming his figures to be accurate about one-quarter of that amount has been absorbed by the State in the way of taxation.

Surely this is not the time for exhibitions of fanaticism? Rather should Mr. Adkins and the few who think with him seek to add to the comfort of the troops in the field and the solace of the people at home than to deprive either of the use of an article described by the highest authority as, in sickness life preserving, and in health beneficial.

Yours faithfully,

R. M. DIX.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

RESTORING THE RESTORATION.

[BY LUCIAN THE LESS.]

"The Book of Restoration Verse." Chosen and Edited with Notes by William Stanley Braithwaite. Durdurworth. 6s. net.

A poet's corner—not at Westminster. Dean Swift discovered frowning over a book. To him enter Mr. Pope.

POPE: Heyday, Mr. Dean, you don't look pleased. Have you but now parted from a company that misliked you, or what's amiss?

SWIFT: You've hit it, friend. As if 'twere not enough that I was forced to spend half my days upon earth with dolts and donkeys, I now find myself enclosed between two boards with the queerest menagerie you ever saw. However, you're in the same plight, which is my comfort, so let's enjoy our grievance together. Your misfortunes will make mine easier to bear, and *vice versa*.

POPE: Let me first learn their common nature. Thank you. "The Book of Restoration Verse." Faith, then, your eyesight must be at fault. What a plague had you or I to do with the Restoration?

SWIFT: A question I would dearly like to ask the compiler of this *omnium gatherum*. Why, you were born in the year Dutch William came, and you began to write, if I'm not mistaken, when great Anna sat on the throne of these kingdoms, and you lived to address an epistle to the second George—only you called him Augustus. Sure, this book is wrongly named, since you and I figure in it. Restoration verse ought to mean seventeenth-century verse. Isn't it one of Time's revenges, though, that you should be cheek by jowl with the crew you once derided? Listen, for I won't spare you:

"But, for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),
One simile that solitary shines
O'er the dry desert of a thousand lines,
One lengthened thought that gleams thro' many a page

Have sanctified whole poems for an age."

Admirably said, I grant. But here's our Twitnam bard twinkling, in a new miscellany, amid the very farthing dips he mocked at. Ha, ha, ha! Delicious. My good humour is fast returning.

POPE: Malicious as ever! You're incorrigible. Yet how if I prefer to regard "the mob of gentlemen" as a foil to talents you were pleased to appreciate? But come (*turning over the leaves*), whom else have we here? Milton—well, I never thought of his lyrics, at least, in connection with the epoch named, but he'll serve to keep you and me in countenance. Cowley. . . . Ah, poor Cowley! The Restoration didn't help him much. Here's the very piece that got him into a scrape, the Ode to Brutus.

SWIFT: And serve him right. To glorify an assassin! Besides, what pompous stuff it is. And yet our arbiter of taste, whom I must cite once more, was seemingly in error:

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit"

Well, I vow his wit was too much for me. Let a man say clearly what he means, as you did, and I'll attend to him—

"Forgot his epic, his Pindaric art"—

and there Mr. Pope was wrong, for here's an editor, at least, that's not forgot him.

POPE: I doubt, however, if his readers will thank him. Cowley's verse is rarely inspired. In general he labours terribly; read his Odes to the Royal Society and to Light, and you'll almost see the sweat oozing from his forehead. And, after all, it's only the sort of stuff that

Addison would have turned into a paper for the "Spectator". Prose disguised as verse, tricked out with fanciful and far-fetched images. Cowley's but a lapidary, and seldom a happy one. Young Mr. Johnson, that came upon the town in our later days, has settled his pretensions, I'm told, and those of his school. But here's a similitude fetched from further, perhaps, than even Cowley ever went. I am sure none ever likened you to

"a china dish that must
Be used in Heaven, when God shall feed the just!"

SWIFT: If one should do so, in my hearing, he wouldn't do it twice. But that's the acme of the fantastic muse. Don't try to better it, but continue the list of our peers.

POPE: Thomas Traherne—that's a new name; he seems to be a sort of lesser Vaughan—Denham, that's good—Dryden, that's better—Gay—our dear Gay!—Matt Prior—Lady Mary—h'm—Bunyan—Dr. Watts. Were this brace of sectaries poets, think you?

SWIFT: I should not have supposed it. And what of Butler, whose "Hudibras" the Merry Monarch loved to read? Surely he should bulk largely in any book of Restoration verse?

POPE: He is represented by a single extract. But he was, after all, a poet *pour rive*. Then there's a great quantity of lesser lights. Oh, and here's Andrew Marvell.

SWIFT: Marvell! A name to conjure with. I am not now speaking of his satires; but in reading through this volume, which (putting ill-humour aside) contains many pretty pieces, and excluding the *dii majores* (with yourself among them), I find myself constantly returning, with fresh zest and pleasure, to his lyrical poems. Wearied of an endless procession of Chloes and Clorindas, of burning hearts and interested protestations, I rest upon the truth, the originality, and the brilliant execution of his verse. I salute a genuine poet, to whatever epoch he be assigned. I can even almost forgive our compiler, because of the liberal space he allots to Marvell, his inclusion of some infamous productions of the satyr Cleveland. There is a lofty seriousness, a blend of austerity and sweetness in Marvell's work which must captivate all who love sincerity. And I ever loved sincerity, Pope, for all my savage ways and flouting humours.

POPE: Indeed, dear friend, you loved sincerity personified. And I see that this book bears witness to that love, for it contains your lines on *Stella's* birthday.

SWIFT (starting): Pooh, a trifle. I was no poet, never thought myself one. But no more o' that, I beseech you—you touch an old wound, with however kind a hand. Indeed, I thank you for your kindness. . . . But, as I was saying—or will say now—one must be a true man (God help us all!) ere he be a true poet. And Marvell rings true.

POPE: You shall prove it to me shortly. But what of the old ballads that fill near two hundred pages of this volume? They seem to me, from what I hear, to possess your crowning grace of sincerity.

SWIFT: They do—and they, again, are in queer company, for they date from an older day, though finding their way into print, it seems, in Restoration times. Let that pass, however. They are full of brave ideas and soaring notions, of men that are not cockscombs and women that are not puppets. Read them, by all means, when you have a mind for tragedy; then return, for rest and quiet, to Marvell and his "Garden". Or read his "Picture of Little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers", and say if it be not a worthy pendant to Prior's lines "To a Child of Quality". I know not where, in the English language, you'll match that pair of poems on child-life for tenderness and truth.

POPE: But you'll read me something of Marvell's before we part? This, for instance, of "The Mower to the Glow-worms"?

SWIFT: Nay, friend; I should but spoil its music. Take the book, and be your own interpreter. Farewell!

THE KING IN PARLIAMENT.

"Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution." By A. V. Dicey, K.C., Hon. D.C.L. Eighth Edition. Macmillan. 1915. 10s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR DICEY has written a long introduction to this new edition of his famous book. In it he compares the constitution as it stood and worked in 1884 with the constitution as it now stands. We commented last June upon his somewhat similar review of recent tendencies written as a preface to the new edition of his "Law and Public Opinion in England", and the two essays when read together provide a most thoughtful and suggestive record and criticism. Their publication marks the summit of a career singularly influential in the world of political thought. Professor Dicey was an original interpreter of the British constitution, and so convincingly did he expound what he declared to be its dominating characteristics that his lectures at once became the leading text-book, and his main ideas have passed into the common currency of political discussion. He has been a great teacher, and his academic eminence and authority have been universally recognised, but he has also proved himself a rather unusual academic type by showing at all times a willingness, if not an anxiety, to defend in active controversy the principles enunciated in the calm of the lecture-room. Active politicians have sometimes resented this interference of a don, and inactive dons have been amazed that a man who could think should trouble himself with the turmoil of a vulgar world. But no one has ever been able to show that Professor Dicey's exactness and balance as a teacher have been blurred or swayed by his prepossessions as a citizen, and the controversies in which he has taken an active part have always been lifted to a higher level by his appeals to reason and experience. His analytical and interpreting powers are admirably displayed in this essay, and we see with admiration our political Nestor closing a review, which has awakened inevitable misgivings, in a passage of lofty eloquence upon the significance of the arduous conflict upon which the united Empire has entered. The cause for which we fight and the spirit shown by all our peoples are a good omen. "These facts may rekindle among the youth of England as of France the sense that to be young is very heaven; these facts may console old men whom political disillusion and disappointment which they deem undeserved may have tempted towards despair, and enable them to rejoice with calmness and gravity that they have lived long enough to see the day when the solemn call to the performance of a grave national duty has united every man and every class of our common country in the determination to defy the strength, the delusions, and the arrogance of a militarised nation, and at all costs to secure for the civilised world the triumph of freedom, of humanity, and of justice."

The thirty years of constitutional change reviewed have, as to nearly two-thirds, been passed under Conservative administrations, and the new tendencies noticed have almost all become active since the great Liberal triumph of 1906. Professor Dicey, as is well known, selected as the ruling characteristics of our constitution in 1885 the sovereignty of Parliament, the rule of law, and the binding force of certain conventions. He now examines the question to what extent these characteristics have been affected by the change of thirty years. Parliament, or more strictly the King in Parliament, is still sovereign, but does "the King in Parliament" mean the same thing now as the phrase did in 1885? It does not, because the relative powers of the component bodies, the Executive, the Lords, and the Commons, have been changed partly by law and partly by more subtle agencies. The Parliament Act has largely increased the powers of the Commons as against the Lords, but the Commons themselves have, even in the days of their apparent triumph, undoubtedly lost in real authority. The

principal reason for this is the decreased freedom and independence of private members, which has deprived the House of its active force as critic and controller of the Cabinet. When once the House has discharged its great function of deciding which party shall be in power—a decision which it makes under the direct orders of the electorate—it becomes a managed assembly, a body which is practically in thrall to the Executive which it is supposed to control. Various changes have contributed to this deplorable loss of independence. The payment of members has led, and will lead further in the future, to what may be called a *deminutio capitis*; the increasing rigidity of the party machine produces a uniformity of type, a mechanical sameness of thought; the curtailment of debate by kangaroo and guillotine enables the Executive to narrow and evade discussion upon the most dangerous parts of their measures, and even to force whole clauses on to the Statute Book without discussion at all. Professor Dicey discusses various indirect effects of the Parliament Act, but he has not mentioned one of its most serious consequences. Suppose that a certain group of members has been returned with the avowed object of securing a certain piece of legislation. In its first session the Ministry appeases this group by passing its proposal and by promising it the advantages of the Parliament Act. Until the two years have elapsed that group must keep the Ministry in power at all costs in order to secure its "certainty" under the Parliament Act. The Ministry may during the two years propose a Budget which the group detests, or a new Bill which the group regards with horror, but if the Ministry falls the group's own project will be endangered, and many a measure, which on its merits would be opposed, will be supported in order that the coercive authority of the Parliament Act may be bought on behalf of some quite different proposal. We have seen log-rolling at work, but the Parliament Act gives the Cabinet of the day an extraordinary power of placating discordant sections, of making them into "tied houses" which must consume whatever liquor the Cabinet may brew. Another indirect effect of the Act only briefly noticed by Professor Dicey is the extraordinary paralysis of Parliament produced by the verbal inspiration theory, by which the change of a syllable will take the whole measure out of the scope of the Act. This is an unavoidable consequence, and something of its grotesque results was seen in the tragi-comedy of the Amending Bill to the Home Rule Act. These, however, are trifling matters compared with the principal effect of this amazing legislation, which Professor Dicey bluntly states thus: "The Parliament Act enables a majority of the House of Commons to resist or overrule the will of the electors or, in other words, of the nation". It was always possible for Parliament to do this, but now one Chamber can perform the feat, and that Chamber is more fully under the control of the Executive than it has ever been before. More and more when we speak of the sovereignty of the King in Parliament we shall have to think of the supremacy of the Cabinet.

The second dominant characteristic of our constitution emphasised by Professor Dicey is the rule of law. In this connection he takes a pessimistic view of recent tendencies. "The ancient veneration for the rule of law has in England suffered during the last thirty years a marked decline. The truth of this assertion is proved by actual legislation, by the existence among some classes of a certain distrust both of the law and of the judges, and by a marked tendency towards the use of lawless methods for the attainment of social or political ends." Some recent Acts have excluded the courts, others have conferred judicial authority on Government officials, so that the power of the bureaucracy has increased so greatly that some critics hold that permanent officials are even more "sovereign" than Cabinet Ministers themselves. We are drawing nearer to the administrative law of France at the moment when France is perceiving the need of some-

thing approaching to a judicial supervision of her vast army of administrative officials. It will be one of our most difficult problems in the future to provide some tribunal of appeal at once accessible, independent and economical against the fiat of State or local officials. A good example of present methods, of extraordinary powers granted to officials, and of appeal merely to a Government Department, is to be found in the Town-planning Act.

Professor Dicey rightly says that the present is an uninventive age in the constitutional sphere. Men have lost faith in purely political experiments, and new ideas are more active in the world of social reform. The four new constitutional ideas which he criticises are woman suffrage, proportional representation, federation, and the referendum. They are not startlingly novel, and at the present moment the mere mention of them would disperse any average assembly. It is impossible to believe that when the war is over it will not bequeath more vital problems to political men. A new sense of citizenship and responsibility will be born in the men of the new army, many of whom belong to families which have had nothing to do with fighting since their forefathers fought for Charles or Cromwell. The Territorials who see the Empire at work in India and Egypt will bring back to middle-class homes that knowledge of the real task of our race which makes men see the importance of Imperial problems, and they will be interested, above all, in schemes that will organise the full powers of the scattered British people. Here, at any rate, Professor Dicey sees some hopeful signs, and he wisely deprecates hasty political attempts at formal political union.

FRENCH CANADA.

"The Fall of Canada." By George M. Wrong. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.

IN the autumn of 1759, Horace Walpole wrote to his friend George Montagu that Canada had been conquered. He would write again, he said, if Mexico or China were taken before Christmas. News of Wolfe's victory at Quebec had come to England, and, with the sound of joy-bells still in his ears, it seemed to the cheerful letter-writer that the day was won. This optimism which sees the end of a campaign in every successful battle is always common. Professor Wrong's book corrects a general misunderstanding by giving a careful record of the events of the year following the engagement on the Heights of Abraham. Canada had been neither won nor lost. After a winter of severe privations, the English troops were badly beaten within a few miles of the scene of their much-lauded triumph. Both sides waited anxiously for reinforcements during the spring and summer, and it was not until armies closed in on them from three sides that the French made their final surrender at Montreal in the autumn of 1760.

Even after the last shot had been fired, the fate of the country remained in doubt. The strong, not to say aggressive, policy of Pitt was checked when George III. came to the throne, and the young king and the Tories thought more of peace than of territory. Moreover, Canada, though very big, did not seem to contain much more than square miles, and the West Indian island of Guadeloupe was considered a much richer prize with all its rum, cotton, and negroes. Some of the spoil of arms had to be restored if war was not to go on for ever, and, in the temper of the time, the choice was left more or less open to France. Voltaire, however, said that he could get on very well without Canada, and, as most of his nation agreed with him, England, perforce, kept Quebec. Few more honourable pages are to be found in our history than those which tell of our treatment of the conquered province. Professor Wrong cites them for contrast with the subsequent muddle in the older colonies, but, after all, there are two sides to the story of the American Rebellion, and we prefer to think of them

as expiating the persecution of the Acadians in Nova Scotia.

This book, though in part a military chronicle, is chiefly interesting as a social study of the French Canadians. As colonists and pioneers they lacked none of the virtues necessary to success, and it was, assuredly, through no fault of theirs that France lost her North American Empire. Corrupt persons, however, like Bigot and Cadet, were in high places, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor, was as incapable as he was brave. That all the rulers and bureaucrats should have got off so lightly on their arrival in Paris is astonishing when we remember the fate of Lally, the gallant if somewhat foolish soldier who had failed in another continent. When we read of infinitely worse offenders enjoying comfortable quarters in the Bastille and, before long, being pardoned or restored to favour, we can only see another sign of the common opinion that Canada did not matter much after all. The conquered land had but some 70,000 inhabitants, was difficult to govern in a way which would profit the home government, and the question of placing surplus population had not arisen. The colonists, for the most part, accepted the accomplished fact, and were not sorry to be rid of an expensive viceregal court and the alarms of war. Stubbornly as they had fought, their devotion was rather to Church than State. At first there was dismay at the idea of the coming of "Protestants," but the new authorities quickly saw that the *curés* could be made their best allies. By a strange paradox it is the retention of their language and religion which to-day unites the French-Canadians most firmly to the land with which they have no tie of blood.

"STREAKED GILLYVORS."

"Columbine." By Viola Meynell. Seeker. 6s.

THE earlier chapters of Miss Meynell's new novel promise her readers more than the story as a whole is able to fulfil. The earlier chapters, indeed, are as good as anything we have read in modern fiction. Each word and act of her people reveals them with fine economy and at the same time urges on the tale. There is no need for explanations from the author or for analysis. In the first third of the story its people live. They are not discussed, or studied, or fitted into a theory, or used for illustration. Miss Meynell's portrait of Lily Peak, the character who fills these earlier pages, is better done than anything we can recall of the same kind in recent years. None of our younger novelists has yet touched the absolute veracity of Lily Peak. We can think of a multitude of characters in modern fiction whom we can recognise as well-observed. But Lily Peak is more than that. The imagination of her author has been so urgently driven that a false word or deed in her presentation is hardly possible.

Miss Meynell's absolute success with her heroine has revealed the failure of her novel as a whole. The career, through her story, of a character which speaks directly to the imagination of the reader shatters the reader's illusion as to the reality of the rest of Miss Meynell's people. These others are essays in character, delicately pencilled, teasingly half-revealed, but never seen and accepted as absolute creatures. We are invited to study through their medium many of the refinements, hesitations, perplexities, and contradictions in the minds and hearts of the modern or self-conscious lover. We are interested in a new statement of the paradox of flesh and spirit, or in an intuitive flash of understanding or observation in the author. But we are not interested in the people through whom these heart-searchings and brain-searchings are presented. These other characters are shadows to the end. We can explain and justify their actions; admit the logic of their thought and emotion; admire always the way in which their author is able to make the day-to-day details of their lives suggest their fundamental quality. But we are never con-

vinced that these other characters are acting from inner necessity. They are required to illustrate certain ideas and feelings of the author as to the nature and needs of modern love, and they do this with a scrupulous and delicate obedience which often quite successfully disguises their lack of independence. With all the will in the world to believe that some of Miss Meynell's people matter more than her own personal attitude towards life we realise at the close, after vainly struggling against it, that the story of Dixon and Jennifer, unlike the story of Lily Peak, is simply to be read and remembered as a study in passion that leaps or dies in an hour. Apart from their author's handling of this subject in the abstract, Dixon and Jennifer do not permanently remain intelligible, vital figures.

Miss Meynell compels us to judge her work by the highest standards. In the least successful pages of her novel she does delicately and well what is done coarsely and crudely by the majority of contemporary novelists with a purpose. We put many of her pages on an inferior level, because she has herself in her portraiture of Lily Peak pointed the distinction between the novel with a purpose and the novel with people. Lily Peak lives in every word she utters—vain, complacent, essentially common; yet, in the way of real people in whom the elements are mixed, appealing to us as a woman to be loved and protected. Miss Meynell has made a really beautiful image of this vulgar and florid chorus-girl, small of mind and heart, and tedious of utterance. Miss Meynell's hero at last does an inevitable thing when he returns to Lily—for we ourselves can feel the tug of this living creature upon his heart even through the puzzling interlude of his dereliction. Miss Meynell's novel is worthy of high celebration for its complete success with Lily. To compare this success with others of the kind—Mr. Wells's Cockney essays, for example, are coarse caricatures by comparison—is to realise its high and refined quality.

All through we have to be grateful for English words used with a sense of their value. Miss Meynell has a style which is never lavish of unnecessary syllables, and is purified of all phrases that are loose and dead. It is an accurate weapon, whose play is delightful. There are some exquisite pages in this volume descriptive of the hearth and garden in language that conveys an intimate love of the English home and English flowers. Somehow, the texture of this novel, with its varied failure and success, one setting off the other, recalls Perdita's description of the streaked gillyvor. This would be our symbol for the book, and not the author's "Columbine".

LATEST BOOKS.

"Southern India." By Mrs. F. E. Penny. Illustrated by Lady Lawley. Black. 20s. net.

Mrs. Penny is a writer whose exceptional knowledge of India and the Indians has been shown in a number of novels and other books. Lady Lawley, as wife of a Governor of Madras, has enjoyed quite extraordinary opportunities as a painter for obtaining the pictures which illustrate this volume. Between them they have produced a pictorial and literary review, eloquent of the East, yet without any of that exaggeration of colour which is natural to those whose intimacy with India is in its first stages. Some, at least, of the descriptive passages cover ground with which most of us are tolerably familiar by hearsay, but the author's sympathy with various phases of Moslem and Hindu life enables us to see various known facts in a pleasant and unusual light. Mrs. Penny's contributions to the book are, indeed, of very much greater value than anything we expect to find in a volume which exists primarily for the exhibition of sketches in colour. Lady Lawley's work, of which there are fifty examples, is of considerable merit and displays a great variety of Indian types.

"History of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd." By G. T. Amphlett. Glasgow: Maclehose.

A good many of the vicissitudes and triumphs of banking are revealed in this chronicle of enterprise. The Standard Bank of South Africa occupies a high and assured position to-day, but in its growth it has passed through some strange phases. Three-

photographs of the branch at Bulawayo serve as an epitome of its history in what is by no means one of its most distant stations. In the first picture are seen a plain bell-tent, a manager in shirt-sleeves, and an armed policeman. Next comes a building with the appearance of a suburban railway station, and an increased staff wearing coats. Finally, we see what every Rhodesian journalist must have called the "palatial premises" which the bank now occupies, and managers and clerks are far too busy to pose for the camera. There is, however, a fourth picture which should really be placed between the last two, and in it we see the whole staff with rifles on the roof waiting for hostile Matabeles! Truly, the bank has had a wonderful career—at Mafeking its officers carried on their business underground—and it is well that its history has been written and published. To-day it extends not only all over the Union and Rhodesia, but into Belgian and Portuguese territory and as far north as Mombasa and Nairobi. Its part, moreover, in financing the country during the Boer War will not be soon forgotten.

Very soon after the start of the year Spring actually begins for the first of the Spring flowers—for the snowdrop cannot be regarded, like hellebore or "Christmas rose", as a thing of winter: it is an earnest of Spring not less than the first flowers of the dog mercury in some sheltered roadside English bank in February. Messrs. Barr have sent us a specimen of the large snowdrop from Smyrna, a beautiful flower with its inner segments curiously barred in green and white, and with it a fairy-like daffodil (*N. bulbocodium monophyllum*) having a most delicately frilled white trumpet; and the little *cyclamen coum*, a miniature that at once recalls to one the lovely cyclamens of a stouter habit we have seen in their wild home in the Apennines. Two, at any rate, of these plants appear the frailest of growing things; yet, like so many of their kind, they are actually hardy. It is the seeming contradiction that so often surprises one in the world of Alpine flora.

ONCE A MONTH.

With two of the most striking articles in the "*Nineteenth Century*" we deal elsewhere this week—namely, "The Source of Germany's Might", by Colonel Keene, D.S.O., and "The Middle Way", by Colonel Cregan. Among the other fifteen articles in the same review this month are Bishop Frodsham's "Temperance Reform in Russia"; "Timber Supplies and the War", by E. P. Stebbing; "The Problem of the Near East", by J. A. R. Marriott; "Causes and Consequences of the American Note", by J. M. Kennedy; and "Nietzsche and Darwinism", by Bishop Mercer—all well worth serious attention. Russia's action over her drink question is one of the most extraordinary moral reforms on a national scale, swift and absolute, that the history of the world records. It appears an inspiration, and Bishop Frodsham's examination into it is most valuable. It is one of the entirely convincing proofs of the great moral, religious fervour which is sweeping through the whole country: Germany in her brutal and coarse insolence towards Russia has ludicrously failed to grasp the new Russia—a people inspired and uplifted if any nation ever was. Bishop Frodsham rightly emphasises the popularity and the peasant character of this reform. Behind the imperial decree is the Russian peasant in this extraordinary step as in the war itself. In her monstrous spite towards Great Britain Germany to-day appears to overlook the terrible reckoning she has to settle with the united Russian people.

The "*Fortnightly Review*" also witnesses to the interest now being taken in the history and politics of Russia. An article upon "Russia and Liberalism" by Dr. A. S. Rappoport contains one of the best accounts we have yet read of all those grievous political accidents which have thwarted the national development of Russia in the past. This article should help the British public to understand Russia better and to share the belief of Russian statesmen and thinkers in the political future of Russia. Dr. Rappoport seems to be aware of the essentially independent spirit of the local life in Russia—a spirit which has strongly come out in the present war in the organisation of hospital work and in the remarkable direct response, by way of petition and representation, of the Russian peasants on the drink question. Another article in the "*Fortnightly*", by James Davenport Whelpley, deals with the American Note. Mr. Whelpley dwells on the complication which comes into the American problem owing to the large German population in America—it is virtually equal in numbers to the British—and also owing to the ignorance of the American people as to Russia. Russia only begins to be understood and appreciated in Great Britain. In America the interest in Russia is not sufficient to make it anyone's business to correct the prejudices and errors with which cheap revolutionary literature about Russia is filled. For the Americans, as for many of the British, Russia is still a country of pogroms and the knout: Siberia is still a prison. There is only one article in the "*Fortnightly*" this month not dealing with some consequence or aspect of the war. The position of Italy,

the problem of income tax, the recruiting question, employment—these are a few of the topics discussed.

The "*National Review*" this month asks for further information as to the negotiations of the British Cabinet for an understanding with Germany in 1912. The folly of Sir John Brunner and the disarmament party is very rightly emphasised. Mr. Maxse asks Sir John Brunner to explain whether he still prefers the guarantee of international law to the protection of the British Fleet. Against all who have cried for a reduction of the British Navy the British public must continue to be warned. Mr. Maxse's mercurialness is justified. At the same time, we think a distinction should be made between the niggards for the Navy and those who have worked for friendly relations with Germany. We cannot, for example, follow Mr. Maxse in his attack upon Lord Haldane. An article on "American Peace Dreams", by Mr. Louis Einstein, takes a fairly hopeful view of the disarmament and arbitration question, and Mr. Maurice Low, as usual, surveys American politics. His chief topic is naturally the American Note and contraband trade, and he bears testimony to President Wilson's sincere desire to preserve neutrality, but admits the difficulties.

Our habit now is to turn first in "*Blackwood's Magazine*" to the Diary of a Subaltern. This Diary is one of the best records of the war that has yet begun to appear. It is the tale from day to day of a young officer, told without pose or adornment. This month the diary begins with the turning of the retreat from Mons into an advance. The difference between retreat and advance is finely described in the opening paragraphs—its electric effect on the spirits of the men. Second to this diary, but only second because the author has not yet seen active service, is the continued story of the "First Hundred Thousand", by Junior Sub. This account of actual work in the New Army is told with the merriest zest. It is the best of young wit—the wit, too, of a youngster who knows his job and is bravely facing all its discomforts. There are other good pages in "Blackwood"—notably Mr. Weigall's account of the "New Egypt."

The "*Cornhill*" has a very interesting article this month on the digging of trenches under fire, by Captain C. T. Davis. Trenching was once apt to be regarded by the soldier as a sort of "fatigue"—unskilled, and not very reputable employment. The present war has destroyed all that. Skilled trenching is now seen to be quite as important as skilled shooting and battle tactics. Some companies are already famous for their rapid and effective trenching. The present war has not only put trenching high among the arts of the trained soldier; it has also corrected the text-books from cover to cover, as Captain Davis shows. We should mention that Mr. Pett Ridge has a very attractive story in the "*Cornhill*" this month entitled "The Happiest Hours".

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte (Philip W. Sergeant). Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

FICTION.

A Pillar of Salt (H. W. C. Newte). Chatto. 6s.
Big Tremaine (M. Van Vorst). Mills and Boon. 6s.
Billie's Mother (M. J. Skrine). Arnold. 6s.
Carnival of Florence (M. Bowen). Methuen. 6s.
Edgar Chirrup (P. Webling). Methuen. 6s.
Flower of the Moon (L. Gerard). Mills and Boon. 6s.
His English Wife (R. Stratz). Arnold. 6s.
His Love or His Life (Richard Marsh). Chatto. 6s.
Little Mrs. Lee (M. Hope). Methuen. 6s.
Love in a Palace (F. E. Penny). Chatto. 6s.
Some Women and Timothy. Mills and Boon. 6s.
The Great Hazard (Silas K. Hocking). Unwin. 6s.
The Great White Army (Max Pemberton). Cassell. 6s.
The Lady of the Reef (F. F. Moore). Hutchinson. 6s.
The Thirty Days (Hubert Wales). Cassell. 6s.
The Torch Bearer (R. M. Marquis). Appleton. 6s.
The Voice of the Turtle (Frederick Watson); In Other Days (Mrs. A. Sidgwick). Methuen. 6s. each.

LAW.

The Law of Carriage by Railway (H. W. Disney). Stevens. 7s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Physical Geography (P. Lake). 7s. 6d. net; Sewage Disposal (G. B. Kershaw). 12s. net. Cambridge University Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Albrecht Ritsch (R. Mackintosh). Chapman. 7s. 6d. net.
Archbishop Darboy and Some French Tragedies (L. C. Price). Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.
Collected Works of William Morris. Vols. XXIII-XXIV. Longmans.
Debrett's House of Commons.
Fundamental Sources of Efficiency (F. Durell). Lippincott. 10s. 6d. net.
The English Essay and Essayists (Prof. H. Walker). Dent. 5s. net.
The Track of the War (R. Scotland Liddell). Simpkin. 6s. net.
MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.—British Review. 1s. net; World's Work. 1s. net; Contemporary Review. 2s. 6d. net; North American Review. 1s. net; Harper's Monthly. 1s.

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